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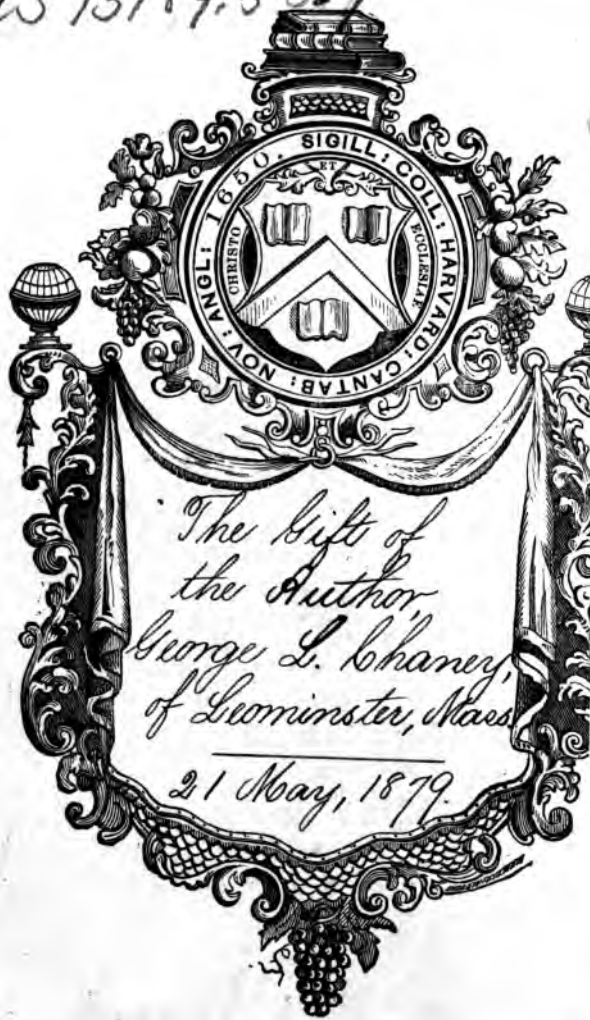
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G. L. Chaney's
History
of
Halls St. Church,
Boston

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HOLLIS STREET CHURCH.
FROM
MATHER BYLES to THOMAS STARR KING.
1732—1861.



Two Discourses, by George Leonard Chaney.
1877.





MATHER BYLES. AM et VDM. Doctor.
Ecclesia apud Bostonum Nov-Anglorum Pastor.
P. Falham del. v. 1734. sculpsit.

*Hon. John G. Palfrey,
with John J. May's respects.*

HOLLIS STREET CHURCH

FROM

MATHER BYLES to THOMAS STARR KING.

1732—1861.

TWO DISCOURSES

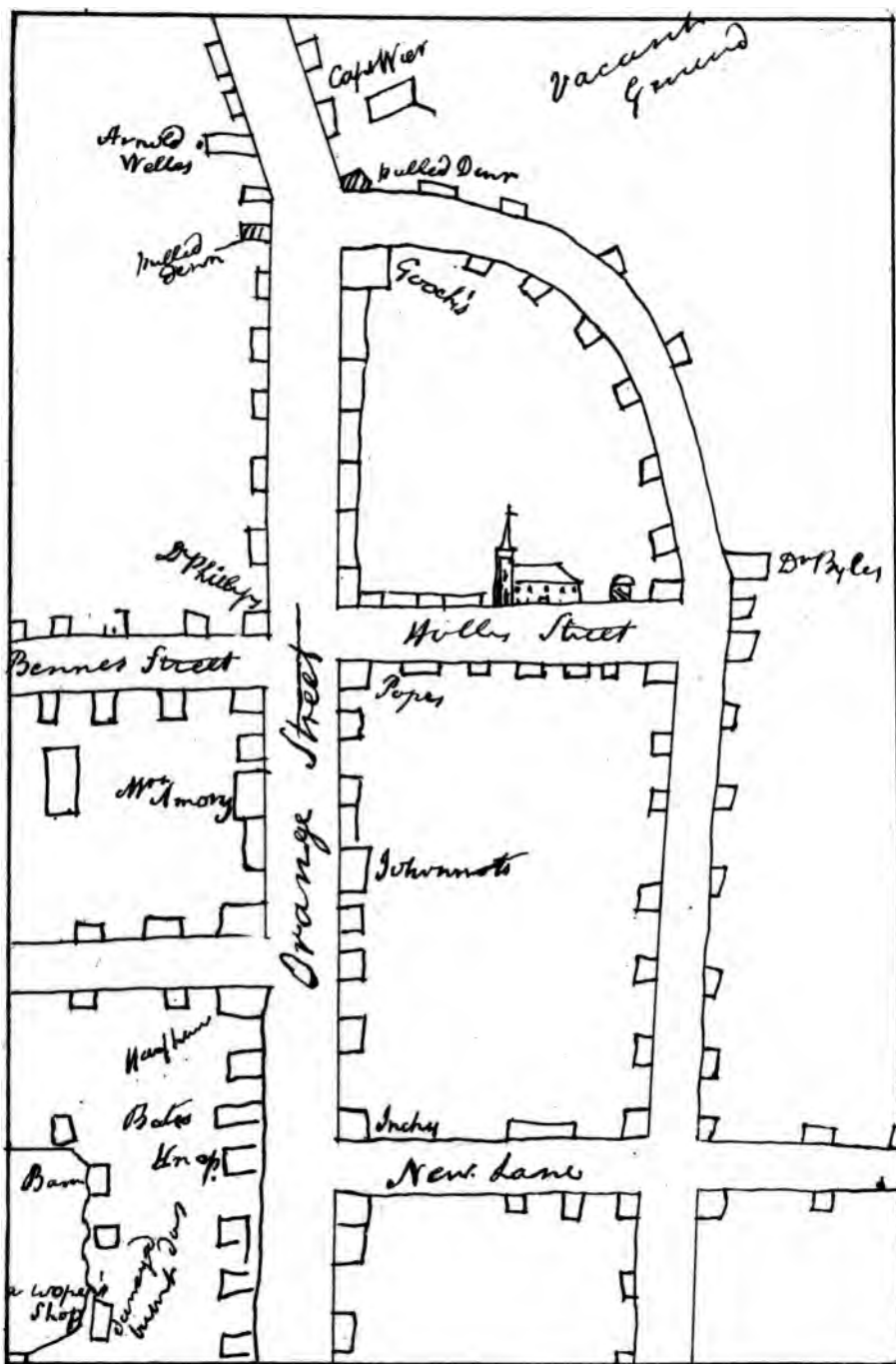
GIVEN IN HOLLIS STREET MEETING-HOUSE,

DEC. 31, 1876, and JAN. 7, 1877,

By GEORGE LEONARD CHANEY.

BOSTON:
PRESS OF GEORGE H. ELLIS.
1877.

U.S. 13189.55.9



— THE FIRST HOLLIS ST MEETING HOUSE —
 — And its neighbourhood. —
 — DRAWN BY DR. J. BELKNAP, IN 1787. —

DISCOURSE.

JOHN iv., 24.

"God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

THE first sermon preached in the Hollis Street Meeting-house, June 18, 1732, was from this text. Dr. Sewall of the Old South Church was the preacher. It was he who "more immediately formed" or organized the church here. He wrote its covenant, dedicated its house of worship with prayer, gave the charge to its first pastor, and laid the hand of ordination upon his head. This first pastor was the Rev. Mather Byles, a gentleman of good ministerial extraction, counting Richard Mather and John Cotton among his ancestors; of University training (having graduated at Harvard College 1725), and of sincere attachment to his chosen calling, and more than common fitness for its duties.

The proof of these latter qualifications is in the length and quietness of his pastorate, extending over forty-four years, and in those specimens of his professional compositions which have lived after him in the printed and written word. His letter accepting the pastoral office in Hollis Street shows a due sense of the importance of the task he is assuming, a respectful deliberation in the manner of forming his conclusion,

a manly directness in accepting the call when his conclusion is reached, a modest estimate of his own powers, and a just and devout dependence upon the Divine Aid in the performance of his duties. He relies, also, upon the affection, encouragement, and support to be expected from his people. "Brethren, pray for me," he says, "that I may approve myself upright before God and faithful to you. Pray that I may be holy, wise, diligent, and successful; that I may feed the flock, be an example to the flock, a wise steward of the divine mysteries, rightly dividing the Word of Truth." His letter to Jeremy Belknap, several years later, on the subject of entering the ministry, shows his sincerity and professional good sense. A printed sermon on the "Nature and Necessity of Conversion, published in 1769," reveals his doctrine and method of preaching. Some of it would not find a place in our current theology to-day, but his definition and illustrations of true conversion are as fresh and timely now as ever. "Some think," he says, "that to be converted is only to profess the Christian religion. They fancy that to turn from heathenism to Christianity is all that is implied in it. If we speak of our being converted, they ask, Why, what were you before? Jews, or Turks, or Heathen? Alas! the fatal mistake! . . . Conversion does not consist in embracing a new sect, or party, in baptism, or approach to the Lord's table, or any external privilege, or advantage, or alteration. No, it consists in turning from the creature to God."

It is simple justice to recall at this date some of the earnest and devout sentiments of Dr. Byles, because secular history has claimed so large a share of his biography. To nearly every reader of Revolutionary times in Boston he is only known as the inveterate wit and obstinate tory. At this late period his irrepressible humor and ready felicity of speech make his disloyalty to the American cause almost amusing. Even amid the intense feeling of his own day, the sentence of banishment which was passed against him was never carried into effect. His church, however, was less tolerant of him than his country. It throws a shade of sadness over the records of a long and harmonious pastorate to review its history with a knowledge of its unhappy close. But that is our task. The young minister begins with his new church in 1732, one hundred and forty-four years ago this very month. Jonathan Belcher, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief in and over His Majesty's Province of Massachusetts Bay, "had given the land unto William Pain, Esq., on condition that he, with a covenant number, would associate themselves together and build a house for the public worship of God." Dr. Byles' first wife was the Governor's niece. A year or two after the settlement (April, 1734), Thomas Hollis, of London, presented the church with a fine bell of about eight hundred pounds weight. In the same year that the bell lifted up its voice in the steeple, a "handsome dial or clock, for the ornament of the house and the

benefit of the congregation," was installed as its colleague in the interior of the meeting-house.

Other gifts from people to church are pleasantly recorded. One of these is especially interesting for its date of the time when the Bible was first publicly read here. On May 2d, 1742, the pastor, in the name of the Hon. William Dummer, late Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief over this Province, presented the church with "a large and rich folio Bible, on condition that it should be read as a part of the publick worship on the Lord's day among us." The thanks of the church are voted to the honorable donor for his "stately church Bible," and one week later, May 9, 1742, reading from the Scriptures is introduced.

Gifts of silver for the communion-table and font are acknowledged from Thomas Hubbard, Silence Eliot, Gov. Dummer, Zachariah Johonnot. And in June 27, 1762, I find this important extract from the will of the Hon. William Dummer :—

I give unto the church of which the Rev. Mather Byles is at present pastor, £26 13s. and 4d., lawful money, to be placed out to interest, on good security, by the deacons of said church, for the time being forever, said interest to be annually paid by the deacons of said church, for the time being, to the minister or ministers of the same church forever. [*Mem.*—I have never received any such interest. G. L. C.]

In the same book with these records of church doings are the lists of baptisms, and we are led along this

primrose path, rewarded now by some familiar family name, and now by quaint old-fashioned styles with good Hebrew significance in them, like Thankful Jepson, Waitstill Trott, Hopestill Foster, Faith Bass, and Patience How. It warms one's heart towards this far-off predecessor to find, under date of Jan. 12, 1734, the simple inscription, "My Mather." The father got the better of the minister when he made that entry, and broke the formal list of baptisms with the language of nature. His Mather afterwards became an Episcopal minister, and was settled for a time in Christ Church in this city. He shared his father's tory convictions, and after the evacuation of Boston spent the remainder of his days in Nova Scotia. We are called by this episode of the son to recount the critical event in the ministerial life of the father.

Dr. Byles was a consistent tory, and doubtless concealed as much obstinacy of opinion under his habitual pleasantries as graver men possessed. He is credited with some good and witty reasons for not introducing politics into his discourses from the pulpit: "In the first place, I do not understand politics; in the second place, you all do, every mother's son of you; in the third place, you have politics all the week, pray let one day be given to religion; and in the fourth place, I have something better to preach about."

But, whether he made politics a frequent theme of his preaching or not, he did not scruple to pledge his prayers to the enemy, and we find among the charges pre-

ferred against him at a later day, that he "pray'd in publick that America might submitt to Grate Brittain, or words to the same purpose." It is not shown that he took any very active part in opposing the independence of the colonies, although his well-known tory sympathies exposed him to constant suspicion. In the list of charges made against him by his church and congregation, on their return, after the British had left Boston, it is said that he "associated and spent a considerable part of his time with the officers of the British army, having them frequently in his house, and lending them his glasses for the purpose of seeing the works erecting out of town for our Defense." His daughters openly boasted that they had walked on the Common during the siege with Gen. Howe and Lord Percy, and were serenaded by the royal band. It is further declared that he treated the public calamity with "a grate degree of liteness and Indifference, saying when his townspeople left their houses, that a better sort of people would take their place, or words to that purpose"; "that he frequently met on Lord's days, before and after service, with a number of our Inveterate Enemies, at a certain place in King Street, called Tory Hall." Another grievance was his refusal "to have two services on Lord's days, while he preached at the Old Brick meeting-house, though urged thereto by some of the ministers then in town."

He was summoned to give answer to these complaints at a meeting held in the first Hollis Street Meeting-

house, Aug. 9, 1776, and, on the charges being read, and the evidence to support them produced, he made "such answers as he tho't proper," says the reticent church record. The oral traditions which hand down the story suggest a much more lively picture of the resolute grief of the society, and the undignified resentment of their minister. Certainly the propriety of the defence did not rest in its manner, and if one may judge from the speedy action of the church, its matter was equally unsatisfactory. For, one week later, they voted, that "the Rev^d Dr. Mather Byles, having by his conduct put an end to his usefulness as a Publick preacher amongst us, Be and hereby is, dismissed from his Pastoral charge."

The prompt action of the church in Hollis Street, in arraigning its minister for his tory sympathies immediately on their return to town, illustrates very forcibly the vital connection which was felt at that time to exist between Politics and Religion. Perhaps no livelier illustration of this common conviction could be furnished than is given in an incident which happened just before June 14, 1774. Dr. Byles succeeded in creating a real panic among the British troops, by reporting that on June 14 forty thousand men would rise up in opposition to them, with the clergy at their head; the fact being that that day had been appointed as a day of fasting throughout the Province. It was wisdom, as well as wit, which looked upon a peaceful convocation of fasting worshippers as a standing army. We smile

at the possibility of finding anything formidable in a Fast-day congregation ; but in that day, in this Province, it meant, in all literalness, an army of two-score thousand men, headed by their clergy, and animated with the dangerous resolution to defend their liberties. Unfaithfulness to civil liberty was regarded by these patriots as an unpardonable offence against the church. It was on this ground that the tie between pastor and people was broken, a tie which, at that time, was as binding as that which wedded man and wife. For forty-four years, from its beginning in 1732 to 1776, Dr. Byles had been the minister of Hollis Street Church, and, in accordance with the custom of his day, he had been settled for life. And yet, on evidence of his aiding and abetting the British, he was deposed from his office, and it was declared that he had put an end to his usefulness in this church. It is pleasant to find on the records, at a later date, a vote of money for his necessities. His friends in the church and his neighbors were kind to him as a man, after they had ceased to respect him as a minister. His loss of office, and consequent lack of pecuniary resources, do not seem to have dulled his wit or permanently depressed his spirits.

Dr. Belknap, in his letter to Hazard, describes a visit to him just after the great fire of 1787. Dr. Byles' house was in imminent danger. "His books, instruments, papers, and prints were dislodged in an hour from a fifty years' quietness to a helter-skelter heap in

an adjoining pasture." The "melancholy satisfaction" afforded him of seeing the meeting-house which had ejected him burned to the ground must have been an afterthought, for the prospect of losing his own dwelling was too pressing to leave room for any satisfaction at the time. "The first thing we thought of saving," said his daughters, "was papa." "Whereupon," writes Belknap, "the Doctor would have gone into a long disquisition upon persons and things. But I could not stop to hear. He told me of a minister who preached about the lunatic dispossessed of devils that entered into the swine, and ~~he~~ made three heads of it, which he would express by three English proverbs:—

"1. The devil will play at small game rather than be idle.

"2. He must run whom the devil drives.

"3. The devil always brings his pigs to a bad market."

The writer adds: "The Doctor is a curiosity."

In his latter days, he naturally found his social attractions, more and more, among the Episcopalians, who were generally of the royal persuasion. His family were aided by the members of Trinity Church. But the Congregational bias of his sympathies showed itself to the end; for when the rectors of Christ Church and Trinity came to see him in his last sickness, with their formal methods of consolation, and one of them asked him how he felt,— "I feel," said he, with that incorrigible humor which always had a tinge of redeeming

candor in it, "I feel that I am going where there are no more bishops."

This was in 1788, when Dr. Byles was eighty-two years old. He died as he had lived, Puritan in faith and Tory in politics. His leading traits may seem incongruous to one whose conception of a minister's character begins by omitting his common humanity. But in any true analysis, of a minister as of any other man, there will be found the gay blending with the graver moods; fun and folly living side by side with wisdom, and sportive humor coming to the rescue of overburdened care. Nature seldom, if ever, turns every hair on her children's heads to whiteness. The gray of age mingles remnants of youth with its own silver. It is no just imputation upon a man's earnestness that he is capable of joking. "If I did not tell my stories," said Lincoln, to one who remonstrated with him, "I should die." Some of the most serious men in history have been the most jocose. Indeed, there is justly felt to be something lacking in the man who cannot appreciate the humorous side of life. As Paley has so well stated it: "The man who is never a fool is always a fool." I shall not take the trouble, therefore, to exonerate Dr. Byles for his wit, even if it was not always seasonable or kind. Nature will out, and the work of grace, as I conceive it, is not to destroy but to develop and purify the common humanity which is in us all. Perchance the sometime iniquity of Mather Byles' wit may be due to the unnatural restraints which were put upon the ministry in his

day. In the chancel of the grand cathedral in Old Chester, in England, there is some wonderful carving done by the monks many years ago. On the surface every image is saintly, sweet, and becoming the conventional house of worship; but on turning up the *sedilia*, or seats, where the priests sat, there were carved underneath images of pigs playing upon violins, and other conceits as whimsical and funny as Reinicke Fuchs. It was the irrepressible love of the humorous, denied open expression, but revenging itself by this covert joke within the very chancel itself.

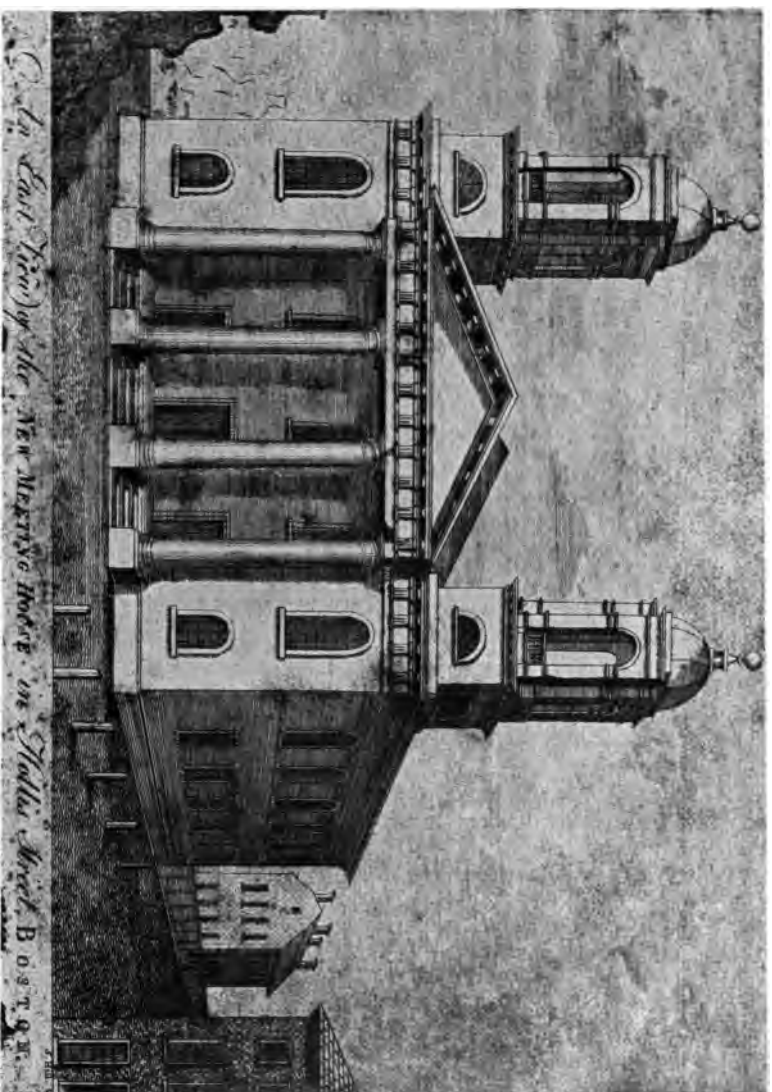
The meeting-house in Hollis Street was promptly cleared of the rubbish bequeathed to it by the British soldiers of 1776. The Standing Committee were authorized to dispose of an iron stove left in the meeting-house, — the congregations of that day brought their own foot-stoves with them. The building was, however, much smaller than the present one. It was about as large as our chapel, having forty pews below and nine in the gallery. Public worship was resumed here Oct. 9, 1776. One year later, Mr. Ebenezer Wight was unanimously chosen as Pastor. He accepted, in a letter of mingled modesty and courage, but it was five months before he came to his conclusion, he preaching meantime, and gathering confidence from the knowledge and experience which the time of probation afforded him. One cannot but admire the caution and deliberation with which ministers and parishes came together in that day. The pastors gave some proof of their calling of

God, before they received their lower call. And the parish itself made good its claim, and its disposition and ability to support and further the work of the minister, before he, in his turn, accepted its call. In accepting it, the minister felt that he was making a choice which must last for life, and the most solemn and tender spirit attended the binding of this sacred tie. "God forbid," writes this young man, to his first and only parish, "that I should cease to pray for you, — that we may be perfectly joined together in the bonds of love, and be fellow-helpers of each others' joy until admitted to join the Church Triumphant." At the time of his settlement (1778) he was twenty-eight years old. These were stirring times in the country. It must have required more than common devotion to the ministry to keep a young man in that day from the army. In the memoir written by his descendant (Dr. D. F. Wight), we are told how long and ardently he had labored for the service of the gospel ministry. Only by adding nights of hard study to "laborious days" upon his father's farm in Dedham, was he able to prepare for Harvard College, and having graduated there in 1776, and passed two more years in study for his profession with Rev. Jason Haven, of Dedham, he became a candidate and was soon invited to succeed Dr. Byles in this church. He is described as "a popular preacher, with a melodious voice, a distinct enunciation, graceful gesture, an impressive manner, and great gifts in prayer. He eschewed metaphysics and controversial theology in his preaching, preferring to

discourse upon the great truths of the gospel and the duties they enforce. He devoted himself to his parish; was a frequent visitor in its homes; sought out the aged and infirm; was particular in his work among the young; faithful to the sick and afflicted; kind to the poor; winning all hearts by giving them his own." His biographer gives twelve pages of his genealogy of the Wight family to this, its most illustrious member. But I do not find any reference to my modest predecessor elsewhere, except in the records of the church. His ministry of ten years here perfectly illustrates the ease and certainty with which a man of talent and devotion—to use the language of his biographer—a "popular preacher, a melodious voice, a distinct enunciation, graceful gesture, impressive manner, and great gifts in prayer," may utterly disappear in the embraces of a satisfied congregation and give no sign. Of course, one hopes and believes that this absorption of so many gifts by one people was good for them. The leaven that goes into the bread disappears, but behold the comely loaf! Caleb Davis and Thomas Bailey, Mr. Wight's good deacons, have both presented our church with ministerial descendants. It would be a rare question in spiritual stirpitology, how far the example and teaching of Ebenezer Wight affected the entrance of Caleb Davis Bradlee and Thomas Bailey Fox into the ministerial profession. Surely some compensation is due to the man who so bounded his ambition and his success to the fifty or sixty families that attended his

church. His own life, though not deprived of its rightful three-score and ten by his labors, was limited in its ministerial opportunities to ten. Busied by day with parish calls and incessant visiting, he was obliged to take his nights for study. In this way his eyesight became impaired; then his health gave way in consequence of the confinement caused by his tender eyes, and a complete debility ensued, which finally drove him from his church, beyond recall.

"Sic transit gloria CLERICI." It was a sad parting, but the gradual demonstration of its necessity had prepared the minds of both pastor and people for the final act. It might have come sooner but for the great fire of 1787, which consumed the old Hollis Street Meeting-house, and delivered its congregation to the hospitable care of the Old South Church. Mr. Wight's health allowed him to alternate with Dr. Eckley, in united services in that church for a year, while the new house was building. He preached in the new meeting-house on August 31, 1788, and again a week later, when he renewed his request to be dismissed. The last reference to his ministerial work that I have seen is in the Right Hand of Fellowship given by Dr. Eckley, at the Installation of his successor, Rev. Samuel West. Speaking to the society here, and referring to the year of united services held in the Old South Church, Dr. Eckley said: "The connection which existed between us some time ago, as it will not be forgotten on my part, neither will it, I trust, on yours also. Often have we mingled our



Engraving of the New Meeting House in Wall Street, Boston.

SECOND MEETING HOUSE.

souls together at the same church, in humble adoration of the God of Heaven; often have we sat as brethren around the same table of our Saviour, when in the course of duty, your late worthy and pious pastor, Mr. Wight, has carried our spirits to the Almighty throne, and in able, solemn, and pathetic prayer, presented us before the Lord." One would like to know what feelings this tribute aroused in the retired minister, as he tended the pigs and cows which were henceforth to be his flock, on the quiet Dedham farm to which he went from Boston. But hereafter his thoughts are his own. A happy possession, we may believe, for his descendant says: "To him, his field and garden were places of worship; he retired there to contemplate on the wisdom of Providence and the beneficence of the Author of Nature."

Now begins twenty-one years of church life under Dr. Samuel West. He is fifty years old already, having served in the ministry in Needham for twenty-five years. He brings, therefore, neither the freshness nor the greenness of youth to his task. Too high-minded to haggle with his Needham parish over the payment of his just dues, and really straitened for want of them, he accepted the call to Hollis Street as a providential door of escape. And yet so conscientious is he about severing a connection already broken on the part of his people by failure to support him, that he fills a full page of our Church Records with a statement of reasons, and writes a memoir with further explanations, that his posterity may know with what caution and forbearance he had

acted, and with what due respect for the ministerial name and calling.

I have invoked, for my better knowledge of Dr. West, some of those shadowy remains which ministers leave behind them in the shape of published sermons. The dust of mortality was still upon them, as they came down from their appointed shelves in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. But I found in these neglected and forgotten pamphlets more than enough to justify the tradition of goodness and wisdom which is associated with the name of Samuel West. His Thanksgiving sermon of 1795 contains a wonderful historic parallelism with our own times. But in the sermon he preached, according to the custom of those days, at his own Installation, there is such admirable form and orderly development of the theme; such just emphasis and discrimination of values; such terse and cleanly diction; such mental breadth combined with positive opinions of his own; such comprehensive scope and culture, all penetrated with earnest piety,—that I closed the book with a sense of shame at the ignorant neglect with which I had treated this able and wise predecessor. You, few people, who knew and still remember Dr. West, have not told me the half of his greatness. But how should you since you were no more than children when he died? I find in this discourse, preached in 1788, the best possible analysis of the minister's qualifications for his work,—one that I am glad to quote in anticipation of those remarkable men, who followed

West, in the pulpit of this church. Speaking of shining talents, he says: "If they are not indispensable, they are, at least, ornamental to the ministry and useful to the church." And who of us, filled as this age is with the conceit of science as almost the discovery of our generation, would expect to hear a preacher of nearly a century ago saying, that "acquaintance with science, although not to be compared with experimental acquaintance with true religion, is a qualification nearly indispensable, in those who are set for the defence of the gospel."

The Rev. Thomas Thatcher, in his memoir of Dr. West, says that his character is an exception to the general rule; that clerical biography is tame and monotonous. He claims for West, marks of original genius, superior learning, social experience, humanity, and courtesy, and even balancing of the understanding and the heart, quite exceptional and impressive. Educated in the prevailing Calvinism of his day, his mind was too liberal and his heart too generous to remain in bondage to such a gloomy and contracted system of divinity. In preaching, he spoke without notes, relying upon a remarkable memory. "His method," says Thatcher, "was very different from that of ignorant, vociferating enthusiasts, who foam out extempore the crude, undigested ideas first occurring in their poor, unlettered minds." There is certainly no mark of crudity or haste in the published sermons that have come down to us. The only surprise we feel is in hearing that such closely-

thought and concisely-stated discourses were given without manuscript or notes.

His moderation and discretion in times of peculiar political controversy and excitement are remarked by his biographer. He maintained friendly relations even with tories, an "effort of duty not a little hazardous in that season of suspicion." And yet he was thoroughly true to the liberty of his country. If his allusions to matters connected with politics were not frequent, they were outspoken when they came. "Would to God there were none but freemen in the United States!" an exclamation in his Thanksgiving sermon has the true ring in it. His autobiography tells a story still more illustrative of his zeal for human rights. In Dr. Cotton Mather's life of his father, Dr. Increase Mather, it is said that the latter once made a present to his father of a fine black slave, in consequence of which Providence, who, it seems, much approved of his conduct, remarkably smiled upon and blessed the son. "How surprising," says West, "that those pious people should consider one of the most criminal actions with which a man can be charged, buying, or selling, or giving away, for the purpose of slavery, his fellow-creature, equally with themselves entitled to freedom, that such an action should merit the smiles of the Common Parent of the universe, who has made of one blood all nations of men, and enjoined on all to do by others as they would wish others to do by them! . . . We must suppose they had something to say for themselves,

although it is not easy to point out anything even plausible to cover over the horrors of such conduct."

The amiability of his disposition seems to have been even more remarkable than the breadth of his mind and the discrimination of his judgment. "He bore, without betraying any symptoms either of anger or disgust, with the folly and persecution of men." He easily forgave personal injuries, and was never known to retaliate an ill office, or to attempt to lessen the character of an enemy. He has been called "an abridgment of all that was pleasant in man," and in the quiet heroism with which he bore the pains of a prolonged sickness, he gave the final testimony to his consummate Christian character. The records of his ministry show by their very scantiness the peace and quiet growth that marked his stay here. Ephraim Wales and Betsey Trott lead off the long procession of marriages, those best signs of normal, healthy life in any society. The first baby baptized under Dr. West is Thomas, son of Nathaniel Bradlee; the last, is Elizabeth, daughter of Jabez Ellis. Many a familiar name comes between, and in the interval before Holley is ordained we meet with a cluster of almost household names in this church to-day, — Catherine Vose, John Davis Weld, Mary Stedman of Timothy Tileston, John of Thomas Blake, and Paul Dudley of Joseph Richards. Oct. 25, 1801, Joseph Tuckerman goes to Chelsea, from this church, to begin that ministry which was destined to illustrate so wisely and largely the mission of the gospel to the poor. In

1789, Arnold Welles presents an elegant Bible to the church, as a bequest from his wife. The most affectionate and wholesome relations seem to have marked the entire course of this pastorate. Beginning with the advantages of a new and attractive edifice, an increasing neighborhood, a mature man as pastor, with unusual gifts fully ripe, and a character rarely disciplined, it ended in the natural way by the death of the minister, attended to the last by a faithful and helpful parish.

Brethren, I find that I wholly miscalculated the historical riches of our church when I proposed to unfold to you in one discourse the whole treasure of a century of church life. It cannot be done without prolonging our testimony far beyond the recognized domain of Sunday morning discourses. The triple stars which come now within the field of our telescope, Holley, Pierpont, and King, cannot be dismissed with hasty observation and the stinted celebration of the catalogue. Although more often talked about, I question if they are better known than their predecessors, whose characters and works we have been reviewing together. Their lives and labors belong rather to the new era than the old. They begin and illustrate a new departure in the ministerial profession. They stand more appropriately at the beginning of a new year than at the going out of the old year. Let us take their lives as our study for the first Sunday of the coming year, and accept afresh the church, which is the legacy of such men, to our affection and support.

Already we have reviewed three-quarters of a century (1732 to 1809) in as many quarters of an hour. The task in this composition has been in the omission of interesting facts and incidents, rather than in the interweaving of those select portions which I have given you. The history of a church which anticipated the Independence of the country, and has kept pace with its development until this day, has elements of interest which justify commemoration, and although its homely records may not vie in exciting memories with the archives of the State, to a lively imagination they suggest a truer picture of bygone generations. In the pages of secular history only the foremost men are seen, and they commonly in their robes of office or military uniform. But in the sober annals of the church, men and women and little children, with no title but their Christian name, come forth and tell the story of their every-day life. Prompted by them we have seen the tall and stately form of Dr. Byles, arrayed in gown and bands, with wig on head, and psalm-book in hand, preaching in the little old-fashioned meeting-house, in December, 1732, to a congregation whose only hope of warmth was in the foot-stove at their feet and the fires he might kindle in their hearts. To him succeeds the devoted Ebenezer Wight, coming in his Master's name in the midst of the Revolution, not sent to destroy men's lives but to save them. And now, across the green field which separates the church from his home on Nassau Street, comes the amiable and learned Dr. West,

whose "gown the children plucked to share the good man's smile"; retaining amid the dignities of his city parish the simplicity of the village vicar of Needham.

Lo! these are the representatives and prophets of that domestic purity, that civil order, and those religious institutions for which the battles were fought and the victories won. They do not catch the eye and deafen the ear with the splendor and noise of military renown. But years after the smoke of the battle is over, and the gory plain is green once more, it is found that the abiding glory of war is in the homes it has defended. As amid the action and reaction of acid and mineral pure crystals of heaven's own hue are forming, so amid the conflict of arms, peaceful homes are clustering around the Church and the State.

Let this be our satisfaction as we review, at the close of more than a century of church life, the earlier pages of its honorable history. Let the piety and generosity of the fathers inspire us with a worthy resolution to emulate their devotion. Let us not doubt the patriotism, no less than the piety of those keen-sighted men, who maintained with equal love and jealousy a Congregational Church and a Republican State. Let us close the volume of a hundred years of American history, with devout thankfulness for the church which kept the symbol of civil liberty sacredly within her ark, and which still lives to be the sanctuary of our best ideals and our worthiest hopes.

DISCOURSE.

DANIEL iii., 28.

"Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who hath sent his angel and delivered his servants that trusted in him, and have changed the king's word, and yielded their bodies, that they might not serve nor worship any God, except their own God."

OUR oldest parishioner, who sees from her window to-day the snows of her ninety-sixth winter, has given me another reminiscence of Dr. West. She says that he once told her mother that "it was forty years since he had felt his temper." His autobiography, which has recently come into my hands, in the original manuscript, has a page upon this subject, which explains the story. In this, he says that for many years he has not allowed his temper to express itself in word or act.

Gentle and wise spirit! May thy mantle fall on us as we pursue our backward-looking journey!

Horace Holley was twenty-eight years of age when he succeeded Dr. West in Hollis Street Church. He was installed here on the 8th of March, 1809. Again the minister of the Old South was summoned to take the leading place in the services. Dr. Eckley preached the sermon. The two-score years which had elapsed since he gave the Right Hand of Fellowship to Samuel West found him still at his post. He alludes in his

sermon to the part he had taken in the laying of the corner-stone of the church in which they were gathered, the second meeting-house in Hollis Street, and pays a just tribute to the piety and learning of their late pastor. One passage in the sermon reads like prophecy in the light of after-events. It illustrates the ominous import which often lurks in the preacher's rhetoric: "In the natural world," said he, "an uninterrupted summer of sunshine would, on the whole, be less grateful, than for the heavens at times to be covered with clouds—the lightning of thunder to send forth its streams, and the wild tempest beat. A calm and peaceful ocean, with a surface smooth as glass, is a delightful object. But if the wind should never pass upon its bosom and excite its waves, its waters might lose the fineness of their transparency, and the surface cease to reflect the splendors of the sky."

The Unitarian controversy was already muttering on the horizon when these services were held. And this young man with the lofty brow and trumpet tongue was sure to give no uncertain sound when his turn came to speak. He had received his University training at Yale, and pursued his professional studies under Dr. Dwight, and in company with Stewart, who was afterward professor at Andover. His three years' settlement in Fairfield, Conn., had been a good apprenticeship. He had already tried and demonstrated his powers. Once settled in Boston, he was able to gain acquaintance with the true character of those liberal clergymen, of whom he had


heard injurious accounts. His biographer says: "He found them differing from the Orthodox not only in being liberal, but in having, with as much learning, more simplicity of character, more independence, and more kindness." "If they had less of the form and show of religion, they had quite as much of its spirit, and this was, he thought, as it should be."

It is not unusual for the converts to a new form of religion to surpass its leaders in the extremes to which they go. Holley was certainly not behind the foremost liberals of his time. His active mind carried every premise to its logical conclusion. If this intellectual trait, which was emphatically his mental characteristic, was a hindrance to his faith in what are called the mysteries of the gospel, let not the men who trained his mind rebuke him for his fidelity to their own method. The strength of Calvinism from the first has been in its logical consistency. Grant its premises and you will admit its conclusions. This is the secret of its permanent influence upon mankind. It is self-consistent. Men can understand it. Anybody who can admit its first principles, can see how the system follows. I believe that all forms of Calvinism owe their acceptance by men far more to their logical consistency and adaptation to the understanding of mankind than to their spiritual truth or religious value. The men trained by Calvinism are men of practised understanding. So long as they can abide their false premises, they will preach their terrible conclusions. But when it happens,



as it did with Holley, that time, and fuller knowledge, and wider experience, and the ability and courage to think independently bring men to doubt the very postulates of Orthodoxy, then the system built upon them slowly crumbles into ruin.

Another characteristic of Holley's mind was the celerity and accuracy with which it mastered the contents of a book, and the readiness to apprehend another's meaning whether in writing or in speech. There are four kinds of readers. The first kind goes through a book as a practical farmer runs his eye over a field of grass and tells you within a hundred weight what the crop of hay will be and its quality. The second kind traverses the field with the slow sweep of his scythe, cutting and turning its contents over and over, and at length storing its product in his mind as into barns. You will always find the facts of the book down to its least particular in his barn, but they will be as dry and dead as hay. The third kind roams the field, with selective industry, like the bee, and carries away the honey of the clover. These are they that treasure well the sweetest and best of every book, and leave the sticks and stalks behind. And the fourth kind is like the summer wind, which gently blowing over the blossoming meadow, takes nothing but the perfume of the flowers in its breezy flight. And these are they who may remember little and repeat less of the book they read, but in their generous abandonment of themselves to the spell of the writer, they may enter more fully into his real thought



and carry away more of his spirit than either of the others.

Holley was one of the first kind. He knew almost at sight the amount and value of a book, considered intellectually, and he made its contents serve his argument with masterly readiness and skill. His method of acquirement was not the busy continuity of toil which distinguishes the bee. He was the master-farmer, whose business it was to plan, estimate, direct, and utilize the toil of tamer men.

Nature made him for a leader before men chose him for this post. In person no less than in mind his build was ducal. His manly form and graceful figure were surmounted by a head of classic beauty. The dark eyes and hair of his mother combined with the sanguine glow of his father's complexion to present a rare specimen of beauty. And when, as years passed, the hair "gradually retreated from his fair, polished forehead," the loss in youthful decoration was more than compensated by the gain in mental impressiveness.

Thus fitted by Nature to take the eye, and qualified by culture to instruct the mind, it only needs to be added that his voice and style of oratory were equally calculated to captivate the ear, to complete the picture of the consummate public speaker. Beyond dispute and almost beyond comparison, Holley was master in the art of addressing an audience. His rich and mellow voice would have contented the ear with its music, even though its freight of meaning had not satisfied the un-

derstanding of his hearers. His enunciation was so perfect that every word dropped from his lips with the distinctness of impression and honest ring of a gold coin coming from its die. His eulogist, Dr. Caldwell, of Transylvania University, thus describes him, as he appeared before an audience: "Thus configured, gifted and accomplished when he ascended, in his flowing toga, the pulpit or the rostrum, assumed the air and attitude of the orator, and threw his eyes around him, on an admiring audience, the presentation itself was a burst of eloquence, an exquisite exordium to a splendid discourse."

For nine years (from 1809 to 1818) this model of physical beauty and strength, logical understanding and oratorical excellence, was set up in this church, and great was the company of the worshippers. The modest, commodious meeting-house of Dr. West, with its budding towers, must give way to a grander structure, whose horn should be exalted like the unicorn's. The wooden age yields to the brick ; comfort now aspires to elegance. The dismembered temple goes off to Braintree, where it serves until this day, "a comely, symmetrical little building," writes one of its present neighbors ; "but the people there have done their best to spoil it by remodelling and modernizing it. Luckily they had not money enough to quite spoil it." Meantime, Mr. Holley's congregation gratefully accept the invitation of the First Church to unite with them in worshipping in their meeting-house. Mr. William Emerson, pastor of the First Church, was then bringing to his people the beaten oil

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PRESENT MEETING HOUSE.

of a husbandry almost over for him in this world. He and Holley alternated in conducting the services. Very likely the mutual enjoyment of this year of union may have prompted, at a later day, the desire for a more permanent union, which was openly expressed in the time of Mr. King.

In January, 1811, the grand new meeting-house of brick is finished. Here it stands! On the 31st day of this month the house is dedicated.

It is high-water mark in Hollis Street to-day. The moving tent of the city's population is now pitched in this neighborhood. The large and influential congregation, wont to worship here, give the preacher fit audience and inspiring attention, and reward him with the satisfied feeling that the truth he has given them will find appreciation and addition in their own minds and hearts. The melody of Holley's voice is answered by the harmony of a large choir, widely known in their day as the Franklin Hall Singing Society; that is, the choir of Hollis Street Church. Under the acceptable lead of Jacob Guild, this Singing Society devotes itself to what its Constitution calls this "pleasing and important part of Public Worship." Its members preface their subscription with the declaration that they conceive it to be "a duty incumbent upon them to aid and assist, as much as in them lies, in the worship of their Creator."

Like every association dependent upon voluntary work, this parish choir had its "ups and downs." But



these are a part of every musical score ; and when, in 1814, the interest droops, a sermon from Holley, showing "what a laudable and important part of the public worship of God is the praising Him with our voices," revives the flagging harmony, and brings the choir back to its starting pitch. A month or two later the minister and deacons visit the society at one of the rehearsals in Franklin Hall, together with other friends, and are regaled with "concord of sweet sounds." "The following pieces," says the modest secretary, "were performed on the occasion, and, we believe, with some gratification to the assembled hearers: 'Denmark,' 'Cambridge,' 'Vital Spark,' 'Music,' and 'Old Hundred.'"

Nothing warms the heart like good fare, and these well-fed worshippers grow generous in their prosperity. Feb. 7, 1813, Mrs. Fox, daughter of the "late venerable and respected Deacon Thomas Bayley, presents the church with two silver cups for the communion-table."

Mrs. Eleanor Davis, widow of another deacon, had already given the church three hundred dollars, to be expended in part in the purchase of a clock for the interior of the new meeting-house, and the remainder to be invested as the foundation of a fund for the poor of the church (May 1, 1811). Accordingly an "elegant clock" was purchased for one hundred and eighty-five dollars, and one hundred and fifteen dollars were put into the hands of the deacons for a poor fund. Generosity is contagious. On May 23d of the same year, John Lucas, Esq., gives a clock for the steeple. Feb. 19,

1815, Deacons William Brown, William Dall, and Charles Davis are assigned the pleasing duty of sending a letter of thanks to Benjamin Bussey, Esq., for his "munificent gift and generous donation" of two tables, on which were inscribed the Decalogue and the Lord's Prayer. The correspondence on this occasion furnishes as good a tribute to the edifying and harmonizing effect of Mr. Holley's ministry as can be found or could be desired. Mr. Bussey says that he has been moved to make the gift, by the respect and regard awakened in him, by the manifestation of energy, harmony, and enterprise which the church had given. In a time of "depression and discouragement in the commercial world, they had cheerfully taken down their former place of worship and erected 'a noble and commodious edifice.' All this they had done with a spirit and in a manner which did them the greatest credit," said Mr. Bussey, and in recognition of their sacrifices he offered his own. A parishioner both of West and Holley, he felt that the latter was the providential successor of the beloved and venerable Samuel West, sent to "fill the vacant desk, and unite us in the bond of harmony and charity." The deacons, in their reply, reciprocate his congratulations, echo his satisfaction, and esteem the expression of friendship given by so respectable a parishioner, who has worshipped with them for a quarter of a century, as of "great value in various views."

It may interest you to know that these tables, still guarding this pulpit, on the right hand and on the left,

were made by Messrs. Vose and Coates; the painting executed by John R. Penniman, all of whom were considered the first in their profession. "And in the present instance," writes Mr. Bussey, "I flatter myself that you will join me in the opinion that they have done themselves great credit."

Deacon Brown completed the list of gifts when, on the following year, his son William presented, as a bequest from his father, the sum of one hundred dollars, to be used in adding to the communion service, "already handsome and respectable," should it be required; or, failing that, it might "mingle with the common funds."

With all these elements of prosperity and evidences of success, what more could Holley or his people ask? The finest meeting-house in town, a large, united, and influential society, the best oratorical gifts in the country, an assured position in society, and honorable relations with the literary, benevolent, and scientific institutions for which Boston was then, as now, preëminent, membership of the School Board, and the post of Overseer of Harvard College,—all these he had, as the means and implements merely of his rarely-gifted mind and presiding character.

But either his ambition or his desire for usefulness was not satisfied. Or it may be that the preponderance of his intellectual culture and development became too much for his devotional interest and pastoral patience. We can imagine such a man—a student by taste and natural proclivity, devoted to mental philosophy and the

study of language, and every year, with the maturing of his mind, finding his calling, where he found his joy, in the pursuit of these themes — becoming restive under the necessary interruptions and diversions of parish life, and finally breaking away from the ministry of the church to the service of the university. Some such experience, we are persuaded, lay behind his favorable hearing of the invitation, twice made to him, to take the presidency of Transylvania University in Lexington, Ky. His wife, who has written his memoir, has no adequate explanation to give of her husband's leaving so brilliant a sphere, and one to which he was so peculiarly adapted, as that which he filled in the metropolis of New England. "Such a step," she says, "almost persuades one to yield to the superstition of fatalism, by which each individual is led to the accomplishment of his destiny."

I suppose few men have left behind them a more regretful parish. Holley's determination to go seems to have been the only reason which could persuade his people to dismiss him. No stronger endorsement of his preaching or character could well be given than is given in their letter of farewell. Such men as Benjamin West, the worthy son of good Samuel West, long a pillar in the church his father had honored by his purity, Samuel May, William Brown, Joseph Richards, Charles Davis, Barzillai Homes, and William Dall, whose names are attached to this letter, mean what they say. Holley's letter in reply, gratefully accepting their praises, justly



shares the merit of the church's success with the people who had heartily sustained him in the preaching of those things which "numbers in the community had been inclined to consider as novelties, and a few as dangerous errors." He had taught them that "truth and honesty are the best policy, not only in the ordinary affairs of life, but in that profession which of all others brings a man most immediately into contact with the errors, the prejudices, the fears, and the intolerance of others."

Happily it forms no necessary part of these reminiscences of the life of this church to follow President Holley through the fiery trials which were to try him in his new field of labor. A sudden and brilliant success, soon changed by sectarian hate and treachery into mortifying failure, is the brief story of his eight years at Transylvania. As he stood in his pulpit on that last Sunday of his pastorate here, the pews, the aisles, the very steps of the pulpit thronged with hearers, now lifted by his eloquence into the rapture of high agreement, and now weeping at the thought that they should see his face no more, did no monition of his coming trials attend him? If it did, his purpose was unchanged. He went to Kentucky, where he lived until March, 1827. He left Lexington, "accompanied for a considerable distance by a procession of pupils, citizens, and friends, who testified by every expression of affectionate sorrow their sincere attachment to his person and character." Not discouraged by his experience in Kentucky, he undertook the equally difficult task of restoring the college of New Orleans.

But over-exertion in this treacherous climate, in the early summer months, compelled him to seek bodily relief by a voyage to New England. Too late! He died at sea, July 31, 1827, a few days after leaving New Orleans.

Gentle Izaak Walton, in his life of Mr. George Herbert, says of his widow: "Thus she continued mourning till time and conversation had so moderated her sorrows that she became the happy wife of Sir Robert Cook, of Highnam."

Jan. 25, 1819, four months after Holley had left his inconsolable parish, they had unanimously elected Mr. John Pierpont to be their minister. Verily the tongue is a great consoler. Time cannot claim a large share in this business of reconciliation. But was there not reason for their happy agreement in the person of the new incumbent? His life had followed with singular exactness the footsteps of Holley. Like him, he was a son of Connecticut (born in Litchfield, April 6, 1785); a graduate of Yale (1804), at first a student of the law, and afterwards, with a brief interval of business life, a minister.

If we fully realized that we daily pass upon the street, unnoticed and unnoticing, people whose lives are destined one day to exert a powerful influence upon our own lives, it might give us pause. But *cui bono*? Our fate is not labelled. I offer the reflection only as an added inducement to treat everybody with civility. There were Horace Holley and John Pierpont pursu-

ing their studies at the same time, at Yale, passing one another in the college-yard, reading the same books, looking up to the same professors, animated by the same high ambition to excel, and destined one day to take upon themselves the same responsible position in this city, and yet hardly on speaking terms with one another. Later in life, when Holley was settled here, Pierpont shared the hospitality of his house and the rare courtesy of which he was a consummate master. Outwardly no two men could be greater contrasts than were these two. Nor were their mental traits the same. Likeness with a difference is the common condition of happy succession to a much loved predecessor. Our new minister had some likeness to his forerunner, but more difference. He was like in the breadth and reasonableness of his doctrines; in the manly freedom of his thought and speech; in the strength of his convictions and his faithfulness to them; in the variety of his gifts and the versatility of his talents; but he differed wholly in look, manner, style of oratory, favorite subjects of study, and mode of action. The differing mould in which their thoughts were cast shows itself in the differing forms of their composition. There are three types of mind:—

1st. The logical; in this the understanding preponderates.

2d. The analogical; in this comparative imagination is preëminent.

3d. The prophetic; in this is seen the intuition of cause and effect.

At the risk of anticipating our conclusion, before the evidence is given, let me say here, that Holley's mind was preëminently logical ; Pierpont's, analogical ; and King's was prophetic.

Not that either of these remarkable men was destitute of the mental traits and powers thus apportioned by preëminence to the other. Pierpont had in a marked degree the prophetic power, the divination of cause and effect, in all the medley of sequences in which the life of nature and of man goes on. Sometimes his imagination got the better of his spiritual discernment or intuition of the cause, and then he was merely a surface composer, like nine-tenths of the rhetoricians and rhymsters of every age, only far more witty than most of them. But in the times when his genius played freely and purely, he was a true discerner of vital issues and real relationships. He was the most original of this remarkable trio of preachers. Had his mind turned exclusively to metaphysical studies, he would have originated something where Holley only furnished a convenient classification, a logical system and brilliant lectures. But the whole trend of his nature was towards moral reforms, social problems, national questions. Not thinkings but things were his studies. His objects of thought were not abstractions, but men and women.

He could not think "sin" without imagining the "sinner," and all the hatred we are taught to feel towards "sin" came from him in the shape of personal

attack upon the sinner. Now, no man is a sinner and nothing else. The worst of us have some good in us, and we do not like to be treated as if we were incarnate sin, because some sins are justly laid at our door. Some people have a way of correcting your faults as if you were no better than an Augean stable. I have no doubt that the lively imagination, the objective mental habit, the practical identification of wrong and the wrong-doer, which were constitutional in Pierpont, led him sometimes into unjust insinuations and unmerited condemnation. I very much doubt if he knew, or could know, never having experienced it, how much his face and manner added to the weight of his rebuke and the aggravation of his ridicule.

I shall never forget the only occasion, since I have arrived at years of manhood, when I saw this remarkable man. It was in Brooklyn, at an autumnal conference. We were holding a conference meeting, preparatory to the communion service. A hazardous arrangement, and, as it proved, an unhappy one. For in the midst of the conference a gray-haired, gray-bearded man arose, and, pointing with deliberate finger towards the centre of the broad aisle, declared that the ministers had seen a dreaded figure there, daring them to speak out on the subject of slavery, and they had not done it. This was John Pierpont. "Did he mean to apply that remark to that church?" was the excited inquiry of its minister. "Yes, and to all the others," was the blunt reply. And, furthermore, when Dr. Channing's church

was wanted for the commemoration of Follen, it was refused, because of Follen's anti-slavery principles. Up rises the grieved and indignant minister of that church, denying, as he said he had been compelled to do before, under the same provocation, the truth of the impression made by the speaker's words:—

“Do I understand Dr. Gannett to deny that the church was refused to the friends of Dr. Follen for his eulogy?”

Again, the grieved, indignant protest against erroneous inference from incontrovertible facts.

Then a repetition of the charge by this merciless voice, with the added injury of claiming Dr. Gannett's corroboration of his statement, and by-and-by the end, which, alas! no communion service could sweeten. I thought I saw in this incident how completely Pierpont's absorption in some needed reform or really just cause might make him heedless of occasions and merciless towards opponents. If his manner had such power to provoke a saint, what might it not do with people who did not affect or aim to be saints?

I mention this incident because it illustrates what I believe,—that it was the manner as much as the matter of Pierpont's preaching which gave so much offence to his people. The charges on which it was sought to sever his connection with this church were passed upon at the time by both ecclesiastical and civil tribunals, and decided in his favor. They do not need rejudgment at this day. More especially as time has vindicated



cated the moral worth and pressing importance of his leading reforms, — anti-slavery, temperance, and the abolition of imprisonment for debt; the harmlessness at least of his phrenological speculations; the excellence and propriety of his literary work and efforts on behalf of education, and the innocence of his practical inventions. To-day, these excursions from the traditional work of the ministry would add to his popularity and influence. For there must either be greater latitude in the choice of pulpit themes and the range of ministerial walks than the conventional standard of that day allowed, or ministers of generous gifts and great powers will steal a vacation for their minds, in literature, science, and practical invention.

I know the perils attending universal sympathies and indiscriminate work; perils of diffused powers and talents scattered abroad. No man can be all things, without becoming nothing. If Paul be cited to the contrary, I reply, that no man was more stubbornly himself and not another, under all circumstances, than was Paul. It was only in surface agreement that he accommodated himself to all men. Meantime, under his tunic, he was always Paul, the apostle to the Gentiles, an ambassador of Christ. A burning individuality and consuming religious purpose like Paul's converts every good service into Christian ministry. Every tent he makes is a tabernacle, and every letter he writes is Scripture.

Something of the Pauline catholicity of heart and

mind belonged to Pierpont. If only with his severity he had combined more love, or had more of Paul's affectionate expressiveness, the result of his preaching here might have been different. It must not be forgotten, in this review of his ministry in this church, that for eight years of warfare there were eighteen years of peace, prosperity, and mutual edification.

History is partial to war. Pierpont's name is always associated with the great controversy. But behind that are long years of eloquent and tender services, whose memory endures in grateful hearts to this day. The dignity and distance of his ordinary manner concealed the fount of sympathy within his heart. But it was there. Those who knew him in sickness or bereavement bear testimony to his affectionate comforting. In the pulpit he fully supplied the place of Holley, his moral earnestness adding heat to his predecessor's intellectual fires, and his poetic sense adorning his sermons with rare beauty of illustration and grace of composition. His eye for likenesses in things most distant from each other in time and association often gave his similes or quotations the effect of novelty and the charm of surprise. This came of his poetic constitution and aptness for analogy. If it sometimes ran into the unreality of fancy, it more often stopped within the confines of wit. I do not know that in his sermons it ever savored of irreverence. But in some of his letters he certainly made free with the language of the Bible with unwonted assurance. But the life of

correspondence is in its freedom. His preaching was in the main so good that nobody expected to improve upon it by a change of ministers. His reading of the Bible and hymns was refreshing. Familiar chapters and tired verses were winged anew by his divining spirit and interpreting voice. But he not only interpreted, he wrote. In a little book compiled for the use of this church, there appeared eight hymns for communion, attributed to G. Carseer. They were John Pierpont's. Here is one of them, with the text: "And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives."

"The winds are hushed; — the peaceful moon
Looks down on Zion's hill;
The city sleeps; 'tis night's calm noon;
And all the streets are still, —

"Save, when, along the shaded walks,
We hear the watchman's call,
Or the guard's footstep, as he stalks
In moonlight on the wall.

"How soft, how holy, is this light!
And hark! a mournful song,
As gentle as these dews of night,
Floats on the air along.

"Affection's wish, devotion's prayer,
Are in that holy strain;
'Tis resignation, — not despair;
'Tis triumph, — though 'tis pain.

"Tis Jesus and his faithful few,
 That pour that hymn of love;
 O God! may we the song renew
 Around thy board above."

His consecrated muse inspired the ordination hymns of William Ware and Sewall, Burnap and Motte, Barry and Bigelow, Sargent and Holland and Dorr. It dedicated with holy verse the churches in Quincy, Cincinnati, Plymouth, Salem, the South Congregational Church in Boston, the Bethel, Mariner's Home, and the chapels in Chardon Street and Suffolk Street. Nearly all the charitable institutions of Boston received a song for their anniversaries. Temperance festivals needed nothing stronger for their cheer than his ardent verses supplied. And days of national celebration courted and received the approbation of his pen. The wide compass of his poetic endowment may be seen by contrasting the delicate fancy and pathos of "Passing Away" with the spirited address of Warren to the American soldiers: "Stand! the ground's your own, my braves." These verses were nearly all written during his ministry in this church. One wonders in looking over his full and accurate church records, written in a style that shames all other writing with its matchless grace and clearness, how he found time amid such crowded parish and inter-ecclesiastical duties to do so much in literature and reform. I find the names of most of the Unitarian clergymen of Boston in these records, and many others, accompanied by

votes of the church to attend their ordinations. Gannett, Young, Barrett, Capen, Motte, Emerson, Newell, Putnam, Fox, Thompson, Bigelow, Robbins, Lothrop, Briggs, Barnard, Gray, Hall, Everett, Ware, Bartol, Weiss, all were planted during Pierpont's ministry, and sought the fellowship of his church, and many of them the assistance of his word. Our missionary to India, C. H. A. Dall, was getting inspiration for his life-work in this church, at this time, and the first army of the Warren Street Chapel was recruited and drilled by Rev. Charles Barnard in our vestry.

The sonorous bell, which still hangs in our steeple, was purchased for the church in Pierpont's time. It was cast in Medway, Mass., by George Handel Holbrook, and bears date 1828. It was pronounced by Dr. Lowell Mason and Jonas Chickering the most musical-toned bell in the city. And Pierpont took especial delight in its prompt, clear, far-resounding tones. He would listen for it in his study, and perchance pitched his own fearless song by it. Around its head, cast into its enduring substance, is this legend:—

“I to the church the living call,
And to the grave do summon all.”

Three hundred and eighty couples, led off by Nathaniel Butler and Mary Rose, make up the record of marriages. Six hundred and forty-five baptisms attest the frequency with which this beautiful rite was adminis-

tered, and the healthy increase of the flock. John Langdon Coffin, Catherine Everett, and John, son of John Pierpont, came in the first year. The report of five hundred and sixty deaths shows how large a claim was made upon Mr. Pierpont's sympathies and powers of consolation.

No wonder that he suffered, despite his vigorous frame, under these accumulated labors. In 1829 he was compelled to journey, and went westward on a three months' trip, preaching during his absence in the larger cities which he visited. Six years later he was sick for five months, and was allowed a year's leave of absence for travel in Europe. The payment of his salary in full, and a large donation of money besides, show the generous regard in which he was held by his people. The man who could hold and satisfy this church for twenty years, following closely in the footsteps of Holley, was no common or unattractive man. We have seen some of his gifts, and traced, not untruly, I hope, the leading lines of his character and work.

But I cannot feel content to dismiss so remarkable a man and so prominent a figure in the annals of this church, with no more than the dull recorder's list of parts, properties, and events. Of these, there are many who hear me, to whom I had better listen than recite. I have but gathered up and presented to you, with all the fulness the limits of time allow, the testimony I have received from yourselves. Now a word for myself. I know not, by personal observation, what faults

this man may have had, or what indiscretions he may have committed ; but for one, I honor him, yes, with all the passion and admiration of my heart, I love and honor the courage of the man, and his uncompromising faithfulness to the truths he believed. I pray to God, that when I come to stand before that Judgment-seat which alone can exalt and cast down, I may be found to have been as true as he was to the absolute demands of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. If I do not repeat his ways, it is not that I love his cause the less. Hail! mighty shade! If mortal sound can now reach you, if you are lingering still; grieved and indignant at the lasting wrongs of earth, or if attentive to the old church bell, whose tones you used to ope your windows to hear in the solemn night, you come again to worship within these walls, — your son salutes you !

“ On the warm dry slope of Auburn’s wood-crowned hill,
That overlooks the Charles, and Roxbury’s fields
That lie beyond it, as lay Canaan’s green
And smiling landscape beyond Jordan’s flood,
As seen by Moses.”

Pierpont chose his grave in the hour when he made choice to leave this church. In tender verse, he thus addresses it : —

“ Standing by thy side,
I see the distant city’s domes and spires.
There stands the church, within whose lofty walls

My voice for truth, and righteousness, and God —
 But all too feebly, — has been lifted up
 For more than twenty years, but now shall soon
 Be lifted up no more. I chose this spot,
 And marked it for my grave, that, when my dust
 Shall be united to its kindred dust,
 They who have loved me — should there any such
 E'er stand beside it and let fall a tear, —
 May see the temple where I toiled so long,
 And toiled, I fear, in vain. — No, not in vain
 For all who've come to offer, in that house,
 Their weekly sacrifice of praise and prayer!
 For there are some, I humbly hope and trust,
 To whom my voice, in harmony with truth,
 Hath helped to make that house 'the gate of heaven.'
 May there be many such! But, oh! my grave,
 When my cold dust is sleeping here in thee,
 The question that shall most concern the spirit
 That shall have left that dust, and gone to give
 Its dread account in at the bar of God,
 Will not be, 'What success hath crowned thy labors?'
 But, 'With what faithfulness were they performed?'"

Is there any heart so cold that it will not join the
 message of reconciliation which this church sends to
 that appealing grave to-day: "Peace be to thee!" And
 let all the people say "Amen."

The monument which marks his body's resting-place
 reports that, after leaving us, he was minister of the
 church in Troy, N. Y., in 1845, and in Medford, Mass.,
 in 1849; Chaplain of the Twenty-second Regiment of
 Massachusetts Volunteers before Washington, in 1862,



and died in Medford, Aug. 27, 1866. And then, with a power of truth which gives impressive dignity to the alliteration, come these words: Poet, Patriot, Preacher, Philosopher, Philanthropist, PIERPONT.


From 1846 to 1847, Rev. David Fosdick was the minister of this society. His brief term of service does not furnish material for lengthy commemoration, and his life, still spared by death, exempts him from public eulogy. But there are people in this church who remember him with affection; and justice bids us say, that if he failed, he only failed to accomplish the impossible.

What other man could be found brave enough and strong enough to rally the scattered members of this society, form them into line, recruit their decimated ranks, restore their depressed valor, and lead them to a new advance? The Rev. Ephraim Peabody, of New Bedford, had been selected for this superhuman task, before Mr. Fosdick was called. But although his spirit was willing, and eager, even, to undertake a work so difficult, yet so congenial to his pacific nature, the flesh was too weak to warrant the attempt.

The same consideration of uncertain health compelled the Rev. Thomas Starr King, of Charlestown, to decline the call extended to him by this parish in May, 1848. But in October of the same year, after a sea-voyage had restored his bodily vigor, Mr. King accepted a second call. In the whole range of the ministry eligible to this pulpit, no man could have been found better fitted for

the peculiar task awaiting him here. A natural orator, his kindling countenance and ringing voice charmed his audience into delighted attention, even before the wisdom of his thought and the richness of his illustration had made their claim upon his hearers' respect and admiration. The son of a clergyman, he came to the ministry as to his just inheritance. His father's early death had laid upon him the responsibilities of manhood while he was yet a boy, and the quick maturity of his mind and character was doubtless hastened by this circumstance.

It also deprived him of that academical training, to which his rare intellect entitled him, and which his scholarly ambition coveted. But few graduates of the university could show, at twenty-four, the varied knowledge, the clear understanding, the true discernment, and the ready command and felicitous expression of his thoughts, which distinguished this young clergyman of Hollis Street Church. He had kept the best company in reading, and, so far as his opportunities allowed, in his literary friendships, and the fruits were abundant in all his work. A judicious critic and high authority in mental philosophy, Dr. James Walker, on being asked if Mr. King's lecture on "Goethe" was not remarkable for a young man, answered: "Remarkable for any man." His love of the beautiful in art and nature, and the breadth of his literary sympathies, tempted his powers into vigorous play outside the beaten track of theology and homiletics.



His lectures on "Socrates," "Goethe," "Sight and Insight," and other kindred topics, gave him a wide reputation as a lecturer, and the solid worth of these addresses, combined with the grace and charm of their delivery, attracted to the church many strangers visiting in the city. Add to these exceptional gifts of mind and attractions of manner, a happy temperament teeming with health and cheerfulness, a heart of only too generous susceptibility, a nature incapable of understanding malice, and you will see how rarely this man was fitted for the ministry of reconciliation to which he was called. Men might differ from his opinion, but they could not have a difference with him. His earnest sympathy with freedom, and temperance, and every true reform, found expression from this pulpit, in no measured terms; but no man loved him the less for his faithful speaking.

The gradual restoration of the society under his inspiring prophecy and genial companionship was as natural and inevitable as the renewal of spring-time after the desolation of winter. Nothing could long withstand this incarnate sunshine. Always giving, he provoked generosity in others. The cold-hearted were melted by his heat; the downcast cheered by his contagious good-will; the sick enjoyed his visits as they enjoyed the air and light; the afflicted knew that he was afflicted with them, and found comfort in his unconquerable faith and grand confession of immortality and the life everlasting. His friend, E. P. Whipple, says of him: "He so bound others by the occupancy of their

hearts, that they loved him as a second self. Every one he met he unconsciously enriched. Meanness, envy, malice, avarice, hatred, all bad passions shrank away abashed at the heat of the sunlight of his nature."

The growing confidence and sense of recovered power in the church is shown, when in May, 1854, ample provision is made for extensive repairs, and the spacious pulpit, which still stands, is built. Two years later a new organ responds to the pulpit with fitting symmetry of form and harmony of tones. Private generosity gives the pure and graceful font, with its perpetual promise: "To you and to your children." It was presented to the church by Mr. A. W. Thaxter. Meantime the increasing reputation and influence of Mr. King outstrips even that of his church, and he is wanted on both shores of this vast country at the same time. The church in San Francisco calls to him as to the one man who can restore her deserted temple, and after long delay and questioning, balancing between the duty there and the duty combined with inclination here, he decides to make trial of the Pacific Coast.

He tenders his resignation of his office as pastor of this church in January, 1860, but is induced to withdraw it at the solicitation of the proprietors, and take a release from his duties here for fifteen months. This enables him to make the trial in California without severing the ties which bound him so strongly to Boston. On Sunday, March 20, 1860, he delivered those "words at parting," which are among the treasured



memories of his friends worshipping in this church, still true to the charge he left them, and a month later he sailed away never to return. But the story of his glorious service in California, in those eventful years of the great rebellion, through all the varied and multiplied labors of minister, lecturer, and active citizen, not only justifies his mission and forbids his friends' regret, but fills them with a proud thankfulness that their loss has been to others so great a gain. It does not come within the province of these brief memorials of Hollis Street Church to follow its ministers, beyond its portals, with the eager and particular inquiry of fond and bereaved friendship. But for nearly two years after Mr. King left this church, he still held his place as its cherished pastor. His work in California at this time has its commemoration, through correspondence and report, in the records of this church. And his own words assures us that the zeal and devotedness with which his friends in Boston sustained this society were a joy and support to him amid his labors on the Pacific Coast. He dwells upon their fidelity and enterprise with such grateful satisfaction as a general in the field might experience at the safe-keeping of his army in reserve. And he had reason to feel proud and thankful for these people. For if San Francisco was his "crown" in the ministry, Boston was his "joy." Writing from California in November, 1861, that conclusive letter which contained his resignation of his pastoral relations here, he says: "At no moment of my resi-

dence here has my heart wavered in its allegiance to New England and Boston. The ties have strengthened, or rather, absence and distance have shown me how much of a New Englander I am. . . . Never again in life can I expect to be associated in parochial fellowships so honorable, satisfactory, and precious."

The response of the proprietors is in the same tenor of regretful acquiescence in a painful necessity and hearty appreciation of the noble motives which actuated their minister. The separation had at this time, January, 1862, become a necessity with them as well as with Mr. King. Prolonged attachment to a church in the absence of a minister is not a general virtue in Protestant Christendom. And the faithful and devoted few who upheld the society could not contend much longer with the disintegrating effects of a non-resident ministry. But they fought a good fight. At the expiration of the first year of Mr. King's absence they had made a record of Christian activity which would have done credit to any society. It won the jubilant greeting and praise of their far-away minister.

Not only had the worship of the church been maintained with its usual regularity, and its teaching conducted by men of ability, but the society had organized its social and charitable elements with unwonted energy and success. Their compulsory self-reliance had proved the sufficient motive for self-help. Undismayed by their loneliness they prepared to keep the fiftieth anniversary of the building of their meeting-house, with



becoming services. And on Jan. 31, 1861, they kept their festival of memory with undaunted hope. At these services, Dr. E. S. Gannett and Rev. E. E. Hale reviewed the history of this church, and Rev. John Weiss spoke upon the New England pulpit. Although separated from these services by the breadth of a continent, Mr. King's participation in them was almost visibly felt. His love, his longing, his sympathy, his thankful appreciation of the people's devotion to their church and his church, his faith in the truths it represented, the liberal Christian belief it professed, the humanities it fostered, the spiritual realities it revealed,—all made him present on this occasion, in power, if not in body, to the friends who loved him and worked in his spirit.

If any premonition of what the year would bring forth attended pastor or people it was not expressed on either side. And when the final act of separation in November, 1861, was done, one, at least, of them, had begun to feel that a sadder parting was not far away. But the sense of having passed the meridian of his life only quickened him to new endeavors, and the afternoon was charged with such a glorious, untiring, and successful warfare for liberty and truth — Liberty his Country, and Truth his Church,— that it seems as if Joshua's halt to the sun had been repeated by this conqueror of a new land of promise, and with vaster issues. On Friday, March 4, 1864, he died. While this church endures, it will remember him and bless him.

On the first Sunday of the New Year, 1876, one year ago, I was preaching in San Francisco, California. I remember the thread of the discourse. It was designed to show how the spirit of Christ overcame the separating effect of exceptional endowments or accomplishments of any kind, and made the great artist, poet, orator, preacher, or prophet the something more than a prophet, a *man*. At the close of the sermon the communion was administered, and Mr. Stebbins made the adaptation, from which I had only refrained, that my hearers might do it, of the preaching to its fitting example,—Thomas Starr King. It was an occasion of uncommon interest and heartfelt religious joy to the two men who had succeeded Mr. King, the one in Boston, the other in San Francisco. The company of the faithful people, in whose mindful souls the spirit of King still lived in grateful memory was with us, and in the communion of Jesus we were brought near to those who had died in him.

Of the three men who have claimed the larger share of our commemoration this morning we naturally linger longest over Starr King, because we knew him best and love him most. His early life wherein filial affection made its sacrifices of scholarly opportunities, yet all the while maintained a high ambition and intellectual industry, is well known to you. And his eleven years of ministry in this church, 1849—1860, have left a heritage of loving remembrance which time cannot destroy, and a continuing sense of bereavement in his loss which con-



versation does not heal. How can I coolly dissect the endowment, the character, and the life-work of one who is still remembered so clearly and loved so fondly in this church. You will not ask it. You do not need it. No; let us rather prison speech, lest speech should rob us of regret.

Holley, Pierpont, King; light, heat, and electricity; reason, moral earnestness, the enthusiasm of humanity. These three! Such are the ministries whose successive and companionable powers and glories have poured forth their convincing, convicting, and animating eloquence from this pulpit in the times that are gone. Those were fiery times that tried men's souls of what substance they were. To my brooding mind and striving imagination, these men seem to me like "the three who were bound in their coats, their hosen, and their hats, and other garments, and cast together into the furnace seven times heated. And lo! I see four men, loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."

MINISTERS OF HOLLIS STREET CHURCH,

FROM

1732 to 1861.

MATHER BYLES.

1732—1776.

Born in Boston, March 26, 1706.

Died in Boston, July 5, 1788.

See Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit," Vol. I.; Belknap's Papers, Collections of Massachusetts Historical Society, 5th Series.

EBENEZER WIGHT.

1778—1788.

Born in Dedham, Sept. 24, 1750.

Died in Dedham, Sept. 25, 1821.

See "Memorial of the Wight Family," by D. P. Wight. Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston.

SAMUEL WEST.

1789—1808.

Born in Martha's Vineyard, Nov. 19, 1738, O. S.

Died in Boston, April 10, 1808.

See Biographical Memoir, by Rev. Thomas Thatcher, and Funeral Discourse, by Dr. J. Lathrop; Autobiography in MSS., in possession of John J. May.

HORACE HOLLEY.

1809—1818.

Born in Salisbury, Conn., Feb. 13, 1781.

Died at sea, July 31, 1827.

See Memoirs of Holley, by Charles Caldwell M. D.

JOHN PIERPONT.

1819—1845.

Born in Litchfield, Conn., April 6, 1785.

Died in Medford, Aug. 27, 1866.

See Sermons, and pamphlets in Boston Public Library; Poetical works.

DAVID FOSDICK.

1846—1847.

Lives at Groton, Mass.

THOMAS STARR KING.

1848—1861.

Born in New York, Dec. 16, 1824.

Died in San Francisco, March 4, 1864.

See Tribute to Thomas Starr King, by Richard Frothingham; "The White Hills
their Legends, Landscapes, and Poetry," and printed sermons.

Original Subscribers, Feb. 11, 1730.

Jonathan Belcher, <i>Governor of the Province of Mass. Bay.</i>	Nath'l Fairfield.
Silence Allen.	Henry Gibbon.
John Bennett.	John Goldsmith.
John Blake.	Israel How.
Sutton Byles.	Joseph Hambleton.
Alden Bass.	Isaac Loring.
John Clough.	Thomas Milvin.
Ebenezer Clough.	William Pain.
Thomas Clough.	Joseph Payson,
William Cunningham.	Benjamin Russell.
James Day.	Thomas Trott.
Caleb Edey.	Thomas Walker.
Hopetill Foster.	John Walker.
	Samuel Wells.

PROPRIETORS OF PEWS FROM 1731 TO 1810.

John Allen.	Benjamin Bass.
John Alcock.	Joseph Bradford.
Rebeckah Amory.	Edward Blake.
Josiah Allen.	Aaron Blaney.
Samuel Andrews.	Henry Bass.
James A. Allen.	John Butterfield.
Thomas Amory.	Isaac Bird.
William Butler.	Moses Belcher Bass.
Robert Brown.	John Bosson.
Peter Boylstone.	Josiah Brown.
Samuel Brown.	David Brewer.
Samuel Butler.	William Bird.
Gawen Brown.	William Brown.
Thomas Bayley.	William Blake.

William Billings.
 Josiah Brown.
 William Bordman.
 Bela Bullen.
 Thomas Blake.
 William Bartlett.
 William P. Blake.
 Jeremiah Bridge.
 James Barry.
 William Bacon.
 Joseph Blaney.
 Henry Bass, Jr.
 James Blake.
 Nath'l Bradlee.
 Benjamin Bussey.
 James Barry.
 Henry Blaney.
 Aaron Bean.
 Aaron Baldwin.
 Lemuel Blake.
 John Clark.
 John Cravath.
 Lemuel Cravath.
 William Clear.
 Benjamin Church.
 David Colson.
 James Cunningham.
 Obadiah Curtis.
 Joseph Clark.
 Giles Church.
 Benjamin Cobb.
 Samuel Cookson.
 Joshua Clark.
 Nath'l Curtis.
 Abijah Crane.
 Nath'l Cobbett.
 Elisha Cowley.
 John Cabot.
 John Corbett.
 William Cunningham.

Gregory Clark.
 David Cobb.
 Sarah Cheever.
 David Cheever.
 Andrew Cunningham.
 David Child.
 Joseph Cutler.
 Henry B. Curtis.
 Elisha Copeland.
 William Dummer, *Governor*.
 Jonathan Dwight.
 Joshua Dodge.
 Charles Dupee.
 Caleb Davis.
 Amasa Davis.
 Ebenezer Dorr.
 Joseph Dorr.
 Nath'l Davis.
 Joshua Davis.
 Robert Davis.
 William Donnett.
 William Dall.
 Elijah Dix.
 John Denton.
 Charles Davis.
 Andrew C. Dorr.
 James Dawson.
 John Dorr.
 John Eliot.
 Thomas Edes.
 Joseph Eliot.
 Thomas Emmons.
 Otis Everett.
 Jabez Ellis.
 David Ellis.
 Robert Fairservice.
 Gustavus Fellows.
 Joshua Farrington.
 Benjamin Fessenden.
 Alvan Fosdick.

John French.
 Oliver Fisher.
 Oliver Fuller.
 James Freeman.
 Hopestill Foster, Jr.
 John Foster.
 John Gridley.
 Jeremiah Gore.
 Stephen Gore.
 William Gough.
 Peter Guyer.
 Henry Geyer.
 William Gooch.
 Jacob Gould.
 Benjamin Goddard.
 Nath'l Gardner.
 John Gibson.
 Abraham Gibson.
 Jeremiah Gore, Jr.
 Stephen Gore, Jr.
 Amos Green.
 Henry Ch. Guyer.
 Peter Harrot.
 Samuel Holbrook.
 Sarah Hobson.
 William Henshaw.
 Richard Hunnewell.
 Ebenezer Hinckley.
 Samuel Healey.
 John Hopkins.
 Stephen Harris.
 Samuel Hastings.
 William Hagar.
 Joel Hagar.
 John Hurd.
 John Haskell.
 Barzillai Holmes.
 Edward C. Howe.
 Zachariah Johonnot.
 Johnson Jackson.

Peter Johonnot.
 Joseph Jackson.
 Jacob Kuhn.
 Jonathan Kelton.
 Josiah Knapp.
 William Lowder.
 Robert Lovering.
 Nath'l Lovering.
 John Lucas.
 Joseph Lovering.
 Ebenezer Lewis.
 Arthur Langford.
 Robert Lovering.
 James Lamb.
 Thomas Lamb.
 John McLane.
 Ephraim May.
 Aaron May.
 John May.
 Thomas Mather.
 Moses May.
 Diamond Morton.
 Samuel May.
 William Marshall.
 Elijah Marsh.
 John McFadden.
 Ebenezer May.
 Israel Mead.
 Samuel Marsh.
 Jonathan Mason.
 Philip Marett.
 Peter Mackintosh.
 Solomon Munroe.
 Phebe Marsh.
 Perrin May.
 Edward McLane.
 Nath'l Meriam.
 Ephraim Marsh.
 Benjamin Neal.
 Eleazer Nichols.

Henry Newman.	Joseph Scott.
John Osborn.	William Simpson.
William Powell, <i>Governor</i> , 1732.	Nath'l Simpson.
Mary Pollard.	John Salmon.
Moses Pratt.	Nath'l Sheppard.
Moses Pierce.	Samuel Swift.
Eleazer Price.	Thomas Spear.
John Patten.	Ebenezer Seaver.
John Potter.	Nath'l Smith.
Ebenezer Perry.	Thomas Stowell.
Nath'l Phillips.	Samuel Sprague.
William Phillips.	Nath'l Sparhawk.
Joseph Pierpont.	Joseph Sprague.
Remember Preston.	Ephraim Seagre.
John Parker.	William Stevens.
Enoch Pond.	Henry Stevens.
Nicholas Pearce.	John Sprague.
Joseph Pierce.	Ephraim Thayer.
John Perry.	John Turner.
Henry Proale.	Gideon Thayer.
Noah Porter.	Samuel Trott.
Samuel Phillips.	Peter Trott.
John Phillips.	George Trott.
Nath'l Richardson.	Edward Tuckerman.
Eleazer Rice.	Josiah Torrey.
Edward Robinson.	Obadiah Thayer.
Samuel Richards.	Timothy Tileston.
Samuel Ruggles.	Samuel Torrey.
John Roulstone.	David Trask.
Mark Richards.	Elisha Ticknor.
Paul D. Richards.	Benjamin Thomas.
Giles Richards.	Benjamin Thompson.
George Rex.	Samuel Topliff.
Cornelius Rex.	Isaac Vose.
Robert Robinson.	Joshua Vose.
Joseph Richards.	T— Wheeler.
Robert Ruggles.	William Winter.
Elizabeth Simpson.	Abigail Whitton.
John Simpson.	Joseph Woods.
Abigail Stacey.	Benjamin Wheeler.

William Wheeler.
David Wheeler.
Sanderson West.
Samuel Wheat.
Stephen Wales.
Josiah Wheeler.
Nath'l Wheeler.
Isaac White.
Joshua Witherle.
Thomas Wheeler.
Nath'l Wales.
Robert Wier, Jr.
Arnold Welles.
William Wyman.

Amos Whitney.
Ezra Whitney.
Joseph Whipple.
Edward Weld.
Jesse B. Willcox.
John Weare.
Jacob Whitney.
Thomas Williams.
John D. Williams.
Edmund Weld.
Benjamin West.
Hannah Whitmarsh.
William S. White.
Samuel Wheeler.

PROPRIETORS OF PEWS IN NEW MEETING-HOUSE.

1811.

Samuel Andrews.
James A. Allen.
Aaron Bean.
Asa Bullard.
Benj. Bass, Jr.
Henry Bass.
Henry Bass, Jr.
Nath'l Bradlee.
Nath'l Bradlee, Jr.
William Brown.
William Brown, Jr.
Benj. Bussey.
Henry Blaney,
Edward Blake.
James Barry.
Elisha Brigham.
Elias Beers.
Jabez Bullard.
Philip Bonner.
Joseph Bancroft.
Aaron Baldwin.
Thomas Blake.

Zebedee Cook, Jr.
Elias Cobb.
Lucy Cobb.
Abijah Crane.
Elisha Copeland.
Henry B. Curtis.
Joshua Davis.
Charles Davis.
Amasa Davis.
William Dall.
James Dall.
James Dawson.
Andrew C. Dorr.
Jabez Ellis.
Luther Ellis.
Otis Everett.
Winsor Fay.
John French.
James Freeman.
Oliver Fisher.
Jacob Guild.
Abraham Gibson.
Charles Guild.

Jeremiah Gore, Jr.
 Stephen Gore, Jr.
 Amos Greene.
 John Gibson.
 Simon Hastings.
 Benjamin Howland.
 Thomas Holland.
 Calvin Howe.
 John Haskell.
 Barzillai Homes.
 Johnson Jackson.
 William Jackson.
 Edward Johnson.
 Josiah Knapp.
 William Lovering, Jr.
 Joseph Lovering.
 Arthur Langford.
 Isaac Mansfield.
 Peter Mackintosh.
 Ephraim Marsh.
 Jesse Mayo.
 Perrin May.
 Samuel May.
 Amasa Murdock.
 Eleazer Nichols.
 Spencer Nolan.
 Henry Newman.
 Elisha Penniman.
 John Perry.
 Jesse Putnam.
 Lemuel Packard.
 John L. Phillips.
 Samuel Phillips.
 John Parker.
 Paul D. Richards.
 Joseph Richards.
 Luke Richardson.
 Joseph Saunders.
 Ebenezer Seaver.
 John Smith.

Mrs. Sheppard.
 Philemon Stacy.
 William Spear.
 Timothy Tileston.
 John Tyler.
 Andrew C. Trott.
 Jonathan Trott.
 Ephraim Thayer.
 Edward Tuckerman.
 Josiah Vose.
 Isaac Vose.
 Elisha Vose.
 Daniel Weld.
 Benjamin West.
 Nath'l Wales.
 John D. Williams.
 Thomas Williams.
 Joseph Willett.
 William S. White.
 Josiah Wheeler.
 Hannah Whitmarsh.
 Samuel Woods.
 William Wyman.

1812.

Joseph Balch.
 Robert Elwell.
 John Pickens, Jr.
 Stephen Thayer.
 Samuel S. Wheeler.

1816.

Oliver Clark.

1819.

Andrew Aitchison.
 Thomas Brewer.

1820.

Charles Bemis.
 Richards Child.

David Dudley.
 Henry K. Hancock.
 Josiah Wheeler Homes.
 Ephraim Harrington.
 Josiah Loring.
 Benjamin M. Nevers.
 Benjamin Stevens.
 Zeal Skidmore.
 John Thompson.

1821.

George Gay.
 John Fox.
 Thomas Rundle.

1823.

Joshua Crane.
 Samuel H. Hewes, Jr.
 Theodore Wright.

1824.

Cyrus Alger.
 Ruel Baker.
 Nahum Cutler.
 Lewis Dupee.
 Peleg Mann.

1827.

Henry Adams.
 Abraham Bird.
 Henry Baldwin.
 James Boyd.
 William W. Clapp.
 Stephen Child.
 Isaac Cutler.
 Nathan Cutler.
 Moses Everett.
 Stephen Fairbanks.
 Jabez Fisher.
 Thatcher Goddard.
 Charles Guild.

Joshua Holden.
 Joseph Hay.
 Eben T. Inglesby.
 Benjamin Leeds.
 George W. Lord.
 Ephraim Marsh.
 Oliver Mills, Jr.
 William Phillips.
 Isaac Parker.
 John Pickens, Jr.
 Joseph E. Smith.
 Henry Smith.
 Jonathan P. Stearns.
 Josiah Stedman.
 Samuel Sprague.
 James Spear.
 Samuel Shepherd.
 I. P. Townsend.
 David Townsend.
 Thomas B. Wales.
 Thomas Whitmarsh.
 Warren White.
 Charles White.
 Moses Williams.

1829 to 1840.

Henry Atkins.
 Jonathan Bowditch, Jr.
 Calvin W. Clark.
 William Coffin.
 Benjamin D. Emerson.
 George Folling, Jr.
 Abraham Howard.
 Edmund Jackson.
 Stephen W. Jackson.
 Caleb G. Loring.
 Samuel Lynes.
 Jonathan Minot.
 Samuel Payson.
 John Redman.

A. W. Thaxter, Jr.
Luther Thayer, Jr.
Nathan Upham.
Nathan Viles.
Addison Ware.

1845.

Charles H. Ayling.
Nath'l Brewer.
Stephen G. Bass.
Jabez Bullard.
Charles W. Clapp.
Heffry Carter.
Barney Cory.
Gilman Davis.
Nath'l B. Doggett.
Luther Ellis.
Thomas Emmons.
Henry H. Fuller.
William C. Fay.
A. D. Gamage.
Daniel Goodnow.
William A. Hyde.
William F. Haynes.
Charles E. Loud.
Ellis G. Loring.
George May.
John J. May.
William C. Martin.
G. W. F. Mellen.
Charles D. Merriam.
William H. Odiorne.
Marshall S. Perry.
Thomas Pollard.
Jonathan Patten.
Edward Page.
Henry Prescott.
Payson Perrin.
George Revere.
John H. Rice.

Henry Robins.
John H. Smith.
Sherlock Spooner.
N. A. Thompson.
Benjamin L. Tileston.
Addison Ware.
John D. Weld.
Moses W. Weld.
David W. Williams.
G. Foster Williams.
G. B. Wheeler.

1848.

Timothy Bigelow.
Elizabeth Child.
Lemuel A. Cooledge.
G. Henry Lodge.

1853.

George A. Allen.
William H. Brown.
Abel Ball.
Nath'l J. Bradlee.
O. G. Chapman.
David Dyer.
Caleb Eddy.
Edward H. Eldredge.
Charles B. Fessenden.
G. H. Folger.
Joseph Greeley.
B. H. Greene.
B. W. Gilbert.
Nath'l Harris.
T. R. Holland.
G. H. Hunnewell.
John Hatchman.
John H. Hollis.
Daniel N. Haskell.
Thomas H. Hickey.
H. A. Kendall.

C. F. Lougee.
Joseph Lewis.
Charles A. Locke.
Charles S. Lynch.
C. F. Mayo.
William C. Morey.
George H. Preston.
George Paul.
Joshua P. Preston.
Charles T. Plympton.
Edward T. Russell, Jr.
Thomas W. Robinson.
W. J. Slade.
Charles Wells.
J. D. W. Williams.
George W. Wyer.

1854.

Warren Sawyer.
Ezekiel Merrill.
C. H. F. Moring.
David Leavitt.
Charles S. Parker.
Porter Hartwell.

1855.

Milton Fuller.
Ira B. Carlisle.
Jonathan Preston.
J. W. Ridgway.
Otis Kimball.
John Center.
John Worster.
J. H. Cheney.
Andrew G. Greeley.
William Bacon.
Seth E. Brown.
Hayward P. Cushing.
Joseph Hurd.
Henry A. Ayling.

E. Baker Welch.
G. H. Cutter.
C. C. Kurtz.
Sidney A. Stetson.
E. B. Sampson.
Frederick Cabot.
B. G. Samson.
Solomon J. Gordon.
W. G. Cutter.
B. T. Manson.
Lucius Seaverns.
Sidney Fisher.
J. M. Bradbury.
A. H. Poor.
J. T. Vose.
Ivory Bean.
Phineas S. Fiske.
John H. Everett.
George H. Houghton.
Maria S. Wood.

1856.

Spencer W. Richardson.
Lyman Tucker.
C. S. Hunt.
Asa F. Cochran.
John Coffin Jones Brown.
Charles Canterbury.
Thomas Bancroft.
William S. Thatcher.
James F. Athearn.

1857.

P. Adams Ames.
Edward S. Taylor.
Elisha Atkins.
John Mason.
John M. Robbins.
Charles E. Bosworth.

1858.

William F. Freeman.
Francis S. Russell.
James P. Gordon.
Thomas J. Welch.

1859.

Stephen Augustus Dix.
Cornelius Hersey.

1860.

Jonathan Hammond.
Robert W. Lord.

1861 to 1874.

E. Livermore.
Lyman E. Sibley.
James Beck.
Freeman Cobb.
Benjamin D. Osgood.
Horace H. Lewis.
Daniel F. Long.
John Capen.
James B. Case.
John Stetson.
Gilbert Clark.

Freeman J. Doe.
C. A. L. Pomeroy.
Edwin Read.
Walter B. Hewins.
Edward Russell.
Otis Everett Weld.
James A. Dupee.
Henry Nash.
Samuel Hale.
M. S. Stockwell.
Benjamin W. Taggard.
Ann Bradlee.
Mrs. Arria Cotton.
Dudley R. Child.
Benjamin Hammond.
Mrs. Zabiah May Smith.
Sarah H. Mann.
Thomas Popkin.
Almond F. Nason.
Henry Revere.
Henry T. Bonney.
George F. Mann.
Henry H. Sprague.
John Cummings.
Francis Revere.
Franklin Brown.
Abraham Firth.

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HOLLIS STREET CHURCH,

1862-1877.



Historical Discourse, by George Leonard Chaney.

1879.

HOLLIS STREET CHURCH,

1862-1877.

A HISTORICAL DISCOURSE

BY

GEORGE LEONARD CHANEY.

BOSTON:

GEO. H. ELLIS, PRINTER, 101 MILK STREET.

1879.

*To as many as were of the Church of Christ in Hollis Street on
October 1, 1877, Greeting:—*

When my predecessor in the pulpit of Hollis Street Church, Dr. Samuel West—than whom Moses was not more meek, nor Job more patient—left his parish in Needham that he might come to Boston, he omitted the customary farewell sermon. He was blamed at the time, for what seemed a lack of sensibility and respect for long-established usage. But as he says in his autobiography: Whatever feeling of the sort existed, it all wore off as I met my old friends from time to time. “As most of them frequented the Boston market, they were frequently in town. I always met them with a smiling countenance and friendly greeting. If I could do them any kindness, I embraced the opportunity with pleasure.”

Nevertheless, Dr. West felt that he had made a mistake in not complying with the general custom. His “exquisite feelings” or “tender and benevolent passions,” as he calls them, ought not, he thinks, to have interfered with so reasonable a requirement.

Now, although I would rather renew the ministry of Dr. West than that of any of my predecessors, I do not wish to repeat his mistakes or limit my ambition to copying his only ministerial fault. I have, therefore, resolved to print the last sermon which I preached in Hollis Street Church, and send it, with this letter, to all who were with me there, at the time of my resignation. I had given two memorial discourses, containing the history of the church from 1732 to 1861. It was announced in the public print at the time, that I would continue this history.

This announcement, as I thought, would be enough to secure



the attendance of all whose attachment to the church was a present power with them. What I had to say did not immediately concern any others. And here I must protest against that heartless custom which obliges ministers and people, in the hour of their separation, to make a display of their tears, or, what is worse, a scandal of their indifference, when the sacred ties which should unite them are cut in two. If it be weakness to feel myself unequal to the task of sundering such ties by public proclamation, and in the full gaze of novelty-seeking people, I plead guilty to the charge. I could not do it, and I did not. But the sermon which I preached had all the intention in my mind, and all the effect, I am sure, upon the minds of those who heard it, of a final discourse. In it, I gave my opinion as to the calling and best possible accomplishment of the church which wished to abide in Hollis Street. In this utterance, I did not win the consent of those who conduct your church. This was no surprise or disappointment to me. It was this difference—our only vital difference, I believe, in fifteen years—which had already decided me to leave my position.

But I could not print or repeat my views, so long as the church was endeavoring to make good its opposing policy. For this reason I have kept silence for seventeen months, choosing rather to suffer the blame of seeming insensibility and ingratitude towards my old parish than to add a feather's weight of objection to its chosen course.

The necessity for silence no longer exists. You have found a minister in whom you are happily united. Thus united and led, you will have no just objection to the printing of this sermon. On the contrary, its story of what you have accomplished in the past will inspire you with new hope and new endeavors in the future. In this belief, and also with the desire to make some atonement for the appearance of insensibility with which my parting from you was accompanied, I print and send to you this sermon. If any one reading it to the end still judges me lacking

in love toward you or appreciation of your working together with me in the Christian ministry, or holds that some more definite and prolonged leave-taking was due to you, I ask him, "How could I preach a farewell sermon before I was ready to say 'farewell'?" Until this moment, when a new and freshly-loved minister occupies my old post, I have not ceased to feel its claims and answer to its call. Some of the tenderest services of my ministry in Hollis Street Church have come within the last year, — that year of grace in which you and I have agreed to acknowledge no debt between us, save to love one another. I protest, therefore, by the memory of those sacred ministries among you, — ministries which a formal separation seemed to forbid, — that until this hour I could not offer you a farewell sermon, because I had not taken my farewell. But it is different now. I can say the farewell now. Not in your pulpit, not in formal phrase, or with public outcry. But I say it here and now, in this whispered word which will go into your homes and leave the blessing which I may not speak aloud.

My old friends, if this paper could by some miracle be made to live, it should return the clasp with which you hold it, with the pressure as of a faithful hand.

G. L. C.

CAMBRIDGE, March, 1879.

DISCOURSE.

“Destroy this temple, and in three days I will build it again.” —
ST. JOHN ii., 19.

In parting with this church, Mr. King, in one of his letters, with affectionate solicitude forecast its future, and with excellent sense prescribed its true policy: “You will get a new minister, and within two or three years leave the old spot and settle further south.” It is fifteen years since this advice was given, and the church is still here.

Mr. King did not realize the rapid decay which succeeded his departure to California, and the utter inability to follow his advice which a year or two of separation from his inspiring presence had caused. When the tie which bound Mr. King and his Hollis Street Parish was broken, there was not strength enough left to undertake the journey. Nothing but the determined spirit and enthusiastic personal affection of a few, a very few, of his old parish kept the old ship from going to pieces. Most of the people had either found new church homes, or contented themselves with no habitual house of worship; and of the few who remained, nearly all had decided where they would go when the seemingly inevitable break-up came.

In this time of visible decay and imminent decease, it happened that among the preachers who from Sunday to Sunday kept up the tradition of preaching and worship in this pulpit was a young theological

student. He was spending a brief winter vacation in this vicinity, and, having preached two or three sermons before the professors and students without disgrace, he was encouraged to accept an invitation to preach in Hollis Street Church. At that time his mind was so bent upon missionary enterprise, and his face so turned toward the West as its natural field, that he preached in this pulpit without the least sense of candidacy, or thought of the possibility of coming here. It was with real surprise, therefore, that he received an invitation to preach again, for three Sundays, in this church, on his next vacation, four months later. And still, so sure was he that his calling would carry him to the West that he took the invitation merely as a favorable opportunity for vacation service, and had none of the pallor of candidacy about him as he ascended the pulpit stairs. The young man was ardent, enthusiastic, not yet accustomed to speak in so large a place; but that could be acquired: not — but why should I torture you with a study in vivisection? The speaker is the man. He had enjoyed the advantages of a university training at Cambridge, and, having gone to Meadville to prepare some boys for college, he had entered the Divinity School in that place. In that day Dr. Oliver Stearns was giving the school the vigor of his commanding character, and the thoroughness of his judicious scholarship. The mark of his moral earnestness was impressed upon all his pupils. This student was no exception to the rule. There must have been either the signs or the imitations of power about him, for he made good his earlier impression of adaptedness to this place, and received a unanimous call to settle here.

Three other roads met at the same point, and for more than a month it was uncertain which he would

take. But there was a narrower way at that time than either of these. The country was in the midst of its struggle for existence. It might be death to go into the army; but not to go was worse than death. He consulted an army chaplain,—the manly and devoted Scandlin,—and, urged by him, he at length decided to take this church. “You can do more for the country there than you can possibly do in the army,” said Scandlin; and on that ground he came here. The small company of workers was very much in earnest, and very efficient. Increased, as it was gradually, by new comers, it did good service throughout the war.

Its contributions and labors were generous in proportion to its numbers and means, and what it gave was doubled in value by promptness and willingness. Meantime the free pulpit offered its new incumbent a vantage ground for patriotic speech and humane prayer, and he used it to the full extent of his power in the interest of freedom, union, and emancipation. In looking over his MSS., I find sermons uttered at every crisis of the war. Some men thought he preached too much about the war and its issues. One prudent Gamaliel cautioned him against it,—I need not say in vain. Another, younger and less prudent, abruptly left his pew one morning when the sensitive theme again presented itself. But the new incumbent had given them fair warning of his tendencies in his earliest preaching among them, using what was then the test of a man’s civil and religious mettle—the name and deeds of John Brown—to illustrate his teaching. But the average and prevailing sentiment of the parish was wholly in accord with the prophecies and arguments of freedom. The converts of Mr. King—as many of them were—could not be otherwise than loyal,


public-spirited, and anti-slavery. And if any did not share in these sentiments, all had learned from the same generous and persuasive lips to respect the preacher's privilege of freedom in speech. All through the war, the warmest and most active sympathy with its heroes and sufferers prevailed among this people. The women vied with the men, and perhaps exceeded them, in their unwearied labor and contribution to the needs of the army. Thus sustained and abetted in his most pressing and, for the time being, transcendent interest,—the salvation and purification of his country,—the new minister was as happy as the anxious times would allow. Surely a minister's pride is not without virtue, when its object is a faithful and zealous people, rather than anything *he* has done. And the earnest, hearty, diligent, and kindly activity of this small company of Christian patriots in that trying day was enough to arouse a natural pride in their chosen friend and leader.

It was some compensation for the loss of that one privilege of a man, in that heroic day,—the dying for his country,—to feel that life, at least, was not without some lesser services in the hour of her need. Among these services was a mission to Fredericksburg, during the Battles of the Wilderness, when that shattered and broken city was one vast hospital for the wounded. The leave of absence which was freely granted enabled him to minister to the terrible needs of our wounded soldiers; and on his return, both minister and people worked with a chastened but intensified earnestness for the support of the Union, and the restoration of its peace and prosperity.

That it was no blind sentiment of loyalty to country right or wrong, no quick enthusiasm dependent on

the excitement of war to maintain its glow, but a true comprehension of the issues at stake, and a firm principle to rescue and maintain the cause of equal civil rights, which animated this people, is shown by the continuance of their contributions and services after the war had closed. The spectacle of millions of people, black and white, within our own country, crippled by ignorance and unable either to appreciate their newly-found freedom or rightly use it, was hardly less pitiful than the slaughter of the battle-field. Immediately, through the Freedman's Aid Society and the Soldiers' Memorial Society, the beneficent energies of the church went forth on their errand of reconstruction. Two teachers were supported,—one for the colored people, and another for the poor white population. A member of this church went to Richmond and took charge of a colored orphan asylum there. Twice the minister went to that stubborn city, inspected its schools, and returned to quicken the home interest in the work. Meantime, at Charleston, S.C., a teacher supported by this church was teaching in the Shaw Memorial School, and sending monthly reports of the progress of her pupils.

Soon after Gen. Armstrong opened his Normal Institute at Hampton, the minister went there, and on his return urged the claims of that institution with vigor and success. It was in consequence of fatigue and exposure induced by this work that he was compelled to take a few months of rest in Florida. But this only enabled him to see yet more of the Southern schools. At Wilmington he visited the schools of Miss Amy Bradlee, and brought home her intense appeal without diminution of its earnestness. At Charleston he examined the Shaw Memorial School, and at Jacksonville, the schools for the freedmen. By this time these schools



were many of them independent of private support, but appeals still came from teachers scattered throughout the South for relief of various kinds: now a colored brother wanted books for his Sunday-school; now money for his support or the building of a church; now school-books were in demand; now clothing. Any and every probable want felt free to come and knock for admission at the chapel door.

In one way or another, all these varied wants were in part relieved. Nor did this distant charity at all diminish the charity which begins at home. There is no greater fallacy than the supposition that foreign missions injure home missions, or that interests that go far beyond one's immediate neighborhood imperil the good of that neighborhood. Just the reverse.

I take great pleasure in drawing my confirmation of this truth from this parish. The generosity quickened by the war and yet more solicited by the issues of that war, so far from neglecting its own, took new measures for their relief. The home charities of this church had previously been administered by the minister and kindly members of the parish. So long as it confined itself to well-known cases of poverty, this method was as good as any. But a new ambition for fuller service to the poor began to display itself. And with this ambition and the experience it brought in practice, came a sense of the necessity of a more competent oversight of charitable relief. Better no church relief of the poor at all than the indiscriminate almsgiving which well-disposed but inexperienced people are always tempted to give. The applications for help increased so largely, with the growing dimensions of the city and its wide-spread repute for benevolence, that it soon became apparent that they must all be referred to some

Of the existing organizations outside the church, or simply turned away without an effort of relief, or aided without proper investigation, which would be the worst evil of all. To refer them to outside institutions and Chapels, seemed to be surrendering the very crowning privilege of the church to other hands. To turn away these petitioners without an effort to aid them, might be canonical with priest or Levite, but was not in accordance with the Samaritan version of neighborliness; while to assist them without faithful inquiry, would be to invite imposition and nourish beggary. It seemed best to reorganize the church system of charitable relief. A board of charities was chosen by the congregation at large, to superintend the collection of contributions for charitable or other purposes. The Charitable Union, a vigorous and efficient working society, would continue to cut and make clothing for the poor, and minister, as it always had done so well, to the social and charitable instincts of the church. But the distribution of charitable relief was to be committed to a competent and responsible lady, who should give her entire time to the duty; receiving all applications for assistance, at a stated hour of each day, at the chapel; visiting the lodging of every applicant, and investigating his claims before extending aid, and coöperating with the members of the parish and the Charitable Union in all their work of relief. Fortunately, a woman was found with rare endowment, exceptional experience, and consecrated enthusiasm for the post. Miss M. Eliza Weeks became the special almoner to the poor, or minister's assistant, as she was called. This title was the one most acceptable to the minister himself, because he liked to feel that her work was pre-eminently the work of the ministry, and in it he wished Miss

Weeks to have the assurance of his readiness to co-operate with her in any way she desired.

From that day to this, a period of ten years, this system has been maintained with increasing proof of its wisdom and utility. It saves each year the full amount of the assistant's salary, in freeing the church from unworthy recipients of its bounty. It enables every member of the parish to escape alike the misery of turning the poor away unaided, and the reproach of aiding them injudiciously. By this arrangement, he is able to say to every such applicant: "Go to Hollis Street Chapel any day, from eleven to twelve." That is all. In more than half the cases, if unworthy, they will never come to the chapel. If worthy, they will certainly come. Having given my best attention to the subject of poverty and its relief in large cities, I confess I cannot conceive of any better system than this. And when the facilities for communication between the ministers to the poor are abundant and frequent, as they are coming to be, it seems to me almost perfect. Indeed, in the present state of things and in the probable future, such a system is simply commanded by common sense and common humanity. To desert it or essentially change it, after ten years of proved efficiency, and when at last you have a woman exceptionally fitted for its duties, would be, to my mind, a practical demonstration of the church's insufficiency to perform at all the function of charity. The sisterly ministrations of Eliza Weeks who laid down her life in this service, the brave labors and patient service of those who have followed her, the rare knowledge of human nature and zealous devotion to her work which characterize your present almoner, all make up a record of Christian ministry which is treasured wherever con-

theory the immediate illustration and impression of practical application. A report of this school, printed this year, is already, through the courtesy and hearty interest of the Commissioner of Education in Washington, in the hands of leading educators in every State in this Union. In addition to what was done in this direction in your own chapel, your minister labored in the cause in the school-board and among the teachers of the public schools, and rejoices in the belief that the success already attained in some of these schools for girls is only the earnest of what will soon be secured in all of them, viz., a working acquaintance with the arts of cutting, mending, and sewing.

In the line of elevation of the people's taste by refined amusement, it ought also to be said that the opening of the Music Hall to the people for the first time free of cost, for a series of concerts, was the result of our endeavors, and the first organ recitals were begun in this church by Mr. Eugene Thayer. A full account of your active ministry in these ways ought to include the conferences held in church and chapel on the leading charitable reforms; the districting of the city among the liberal churches,—a work which was consummated in your chapel; the originating of the Hospital-Sunday collections; the entertainment and assistance of the Flower Mission, which has made our chapel its home from the beginning; the first motion of relief among the churches in the time of the Chicago fire, and in the time of our own visitation by the destroying angel; and innumerable services to asylums, homes, prisons, and other public or private institutions for the unfortunate.

I dwell on these things, not merely or chiefly because they combine to recommend the record this church has

been making, but because they mark out, in distinguishable lines and practical ways, in what directions Christian humanity may go, what it may do, and how to do it. If the people of the land need anything supremely, it is the development and training of conscience, the purifying of their tastes, and the addition of skill to their crude labor.

In each of these departments, something marked and exemplary has been accomplished. The first head, viz., the development of the conscience, leads us naturally from the story of these missionary endeavors to the main function of the church,—public worship and the service of devotion. No patient service to humanity can be maintained without the practice of devotion. The soul that will not voluntarily prostrate itself before the Supreme Being in the worship of the church or the closet must submit to a more humbling prostration of itself in the failure of its enterprise. Whether the knowledge of this came by intuition or was gradually learned by experience, I cannot tell. I only know that, zealous of good works as the church and its minister were, *he* certainly was never tempted to slight the ministries or privileges of united prayer and praise for any of these things. He longed for religious confidence and communion more than for multiplied charities. He desired them for their own sake, wholly aside from the spirit of humanity they were sure to quicken. By nature, and by the best and sweetest religious experience of religion he had ever known, he coveted social and sympathetic devotion. The Christian ordinances, with their hallowed symbols,—baptism, confession, and communion,—were to him the very kernel of the church, without which it would be a hollow shell and a sterile seed. He had no spiritual

affinity and little practical patience with men who would drop from their congregational church-keeping, already bare to poverty, the small legacy of symbol that remained,—baptism and the Lord's supper,—that last asylum for the spirit of Christian discipleship. If these things had become unmeaning to anybody, it was, as he thought, because they meant too little themselves when they espoused the Christian Church and pledged themselves to its cause. He lost no opportunity, therefore, of urging the claims of these observances upon his people's regard, and even won reproach from some for the zeal and persistency with which he commended the sacred rites and devotional privileges of the church.

In the hope of supplying this foremost need of the church, and arousing and feeding the spiritual hunger and thirst of its people, a Wednesday-afternoon meeting was instituted and maintained, during the winter season, for more than ten years. If we may trust the testimony of those who attended them, these services were well adapted to promote spiritual edification and comfort. But it is doubtful if any religious services of the kind in this city ever reached fewer people. Courses of study were pursued both with and without the Sunday-school teachers, covering successively the men and women of the Old Testament; the life of Christ considered now in its connection with the Holy Land, now in its moral and spiritual teaching and significance, and again in its relations to human character, duty, and safety; the lives and acts of the apostles, and the life and epistles of St. Paul; practical ethics, church history, and Christian doctrine. There is hardly a topic or an interest germane to Christian culture which has not received thoughtful attention.

And methods of study and teaching, new at the time, but since widely adopted and copied, were first tried here with signal success.

The time would fail me, to speak of the intimate relations which the church has maintained with the associations and unions belonging to its denomination. Partly through the convenience of its central location, but even more largely on account of the hearty concern it had for the Unitarian body to which it belonged, its doors have been open, by day and by night, for ministerial unions, theological conferences, annual missionary meetings of the Unitarian Association, and courses of sermons inculcating liberal Christianity. So prominently has it stood forth in this way, as the rallying ground of the religious company to which it belongs, that it seems to me to give us a Providential pointing as to the ultimate purpose and natural calling of this church. It is not by accident, nor yet by our intelligent design, that our church has thus come to stand by and for our cause. It is our "manifest destiny," lifting us from the insecurity of border weakness to the dignity and permanence of consolidation with a strong union. Or, putting aside all rhetoric, let me say that I see, in these fifteen years of growing intimacy and practical identification of the church with the Unitarian cause, an indication of what may be its Providential calling. If Mr. King was right in saying, fifteen years ago, that the church must move then if it would maintain itself, much more can it be said to-day, when hardly one of its families lives within easy hearing of its bell. Is there anybody left who doubts this necessity? If so, I will give him another year to complete the evidence. That will be enough. For what charm have we to stay the morning star, or what

miraculous power by which we can hope to sit in our old chair by the sea-side and forbid the rising tide? It is idle to think of maintaining any longer on this spot a church of our traditional kind, *i.e.*, a church supported by steady church-going people, who want a convenient religious home for themselves and their children.

But it is not idle to think of maintaining a church for the people on this spot. A more fortunate location for that purpose could not be found. Already it has been coveted and sought by those canny people the Baptists, who would like nothing better than to start another Tremont Temple on this spot. And why cannot the Unitarians do what the Baptists would do? I believe they could. And I hope to live to see the day when the church so long and so distinctively associated with spontaneous liberality in thought and speech will be permanently in league with the Unitarian Association, and made the centre of all its operations. Such a project, proposed, aided, and carried out, as it might be, by you in conjunction with the American Unitarian Association (they will be ready when you are), would seal this spot and these walls to Unitarian Christianity, so long as there was such a thing on the earth. And what a consummation, how "devoutly to be wished," that would be! For one, I should feel that in doing the least thing to further it, I had done the best thing alike for your repute and continuance as a church, and for the Unitarian Church at large, of which you are a serving member.

I know that in thus forecasting your possible future, I overlook some painful changes which must be made, and some hard sacrifices of taste and feeling that must be endured. But to the man who truly loves his

church, nothing is too hard to do or bear, if it enlarges and secures that church's usefulness. If any one of you must suffer in such a change, I must suffer more. To me these ancient walls are dearer and more congenial than the most beautiful of modern temples. The relationship which you bear to each other as brethren is not more close than that which I bear to you all as brother, friend, and pastor. I have not borne you in my heart these fifteen years, sorrowing in your sorrows and rejoicing in your joys, without getting so grounded in my attachments here that no other hand than God's could uproot without killing me. But his hand can do it, and I begin to feel that it will. I see no other way. If I can make the sacrifice, I may surely call upon you to consider whether you too are not willing to consider the proposition to reconstruct your building and method of church administration, and maintain on this spot, in connection with the American Unitarian Association, a church of the people and for the people.

Brethren, if I make the appeal to you, it is your own record for the last fifteen years which gives me the courage. I have been telling you, with the painful brevity which our limits of time require, of some of the services we have rendered together to the city, the cause of Christian freedom, and the times in which we have been living. But I have not told that inner history of lay fidelity and generosity which could alone have sustained the church during this time. I have not told of the promptitude with which you sprang to the rescue of your ancient steeple, the very first year of my coming among you, and strengthened its timbers and upheld its pillars, at a large cost, easily raised

among you ; I have not told of the enterprise with which you entered upon the erection of your new chapel, buying the needed land and putting up the building so that it was completed and dedicated on December 18, 1864,—hardly two years from the beginning of our ministry together ; I have not told of the grateful act by which you both honored and adorned your sanctuary when you caused to be placed here the life-like memorial of your former minister ; I have not told of the cheerful zeal with which needed repairs on church and organ, involving large cost, were made, or of the considerate care with which the growing needs of your pastor were anticipated and provided for. These, and other honorable proofs of your church zeal, are among the records of your proprietors. I am glad to find from a study of these records that only three times in a period of fifteen years have the running expenses of your church exceeded its regular income,—a result hardly equalled, I suspect, by many of your sister churches. This has been due to the economy and prudence with which your appropriations have been made. You have each year cut your garment according to your cloth. And you stand to-day without debt, and with all the advantages of church and chapel, in good condition, excellent organization, and competent constituency, able to do anything that can, in the nature of things, be done.

I congratulate you upon your achievements. I take pride with you in your record of work well done. I confide in you to do to-day, as in the past, the things that make for righteousness in the land. I hail the better future which, if you are alive to your opportunities, now opens before you,—that better future in

which it shall be given unto you to realize the Free Church of the Christian Liberal.

But, brethren, I am forgetting the business of historian, upon which I set out. My interest in your present and future welfare has robbed me of the coolness which befits the chronicler of things that are past. Among the labors undertaken by the latest minister in this church was the preparation of two historical sermons, narrating the life and work of his predecessors, from Mather Byles to Thomas Starr King,—1732-1861. That duty done, it might have seemed well to leave the remainder of the story for the lenient hand of posterity to celebrate. But he did not think so, and therefore he preached his own memorial sermon, just as you have heard it, on the last day of September, 1877, fifteen years from the beginning of his ministry among you, and at twelve of the clock he stopped.

God save the Church of Christ in Hollis Street!



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